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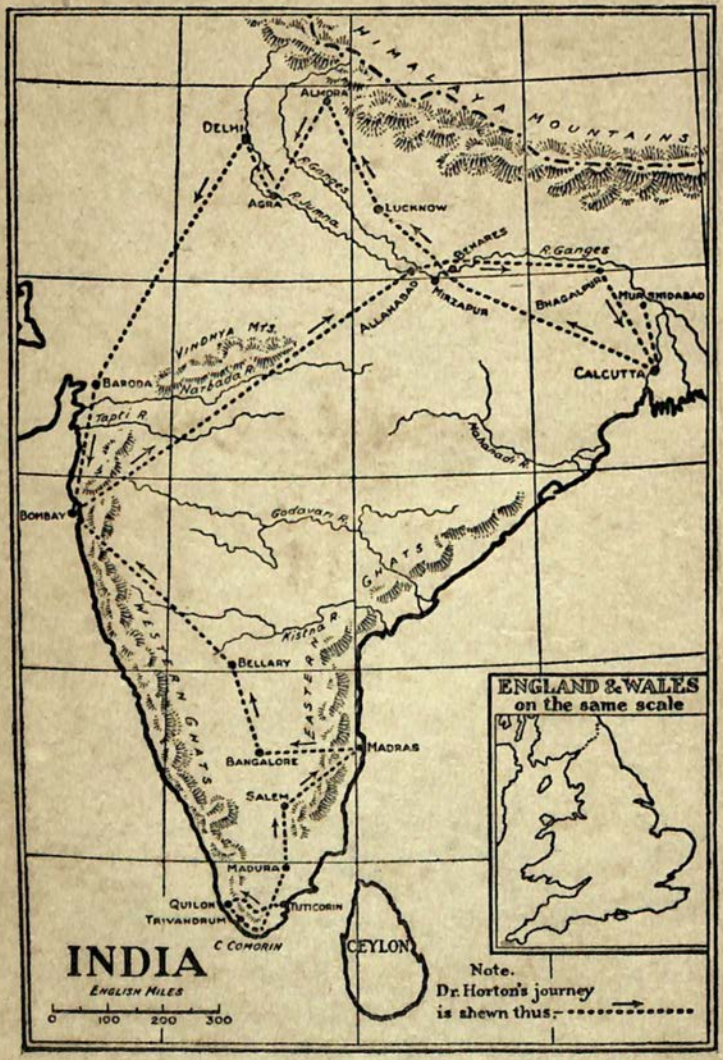
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is shewn thus:----------

THREE MONTHS IN INDIA

BY

ROBERT F. HORTON
M.A., D.D.

60843

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THREE MONTHS IN INDIA

INTRODUCTION

"He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies," said the old Spanish proverb, "must take the wealth of the Indies with him." I went to India with so little of the necessary equipment that I cannot hope to present any very valuable gains. I do not know Sanscrit, and without that it is not possible to get into the depths of the Indian mind. The Vedas and the Upanishads, the Mahâbharata and the Ramâyana have directed, shaped, and coloured the whole thought, theory of life, and religious practice of the peninsula. That ancient Aryan lore is still the most living fact in India. The learned con-

sciously, and the unlearned unconsciously, feel a pride in the intellectual origin of their race. There at the beginning was the Truth; if they do not grasp it and live by it they can at any time return to it; and meanwhile it is an inheritance which sets them at the head of the human race. With a pride which, though cloaked in humility, is colossal, and a confidence which is based, not on a knowledge of the literature, but only on the knowledge that it is there, India regards with a sincere surprise and compassion the bustling approaches of Western life. It is his ignorance of Sanscrit—the language which underlies the languages, the thought which underlies the thought, of India today, that makes the ordinary Englishman so misleading a judge of Indian ideas. I am at least aware of my ignorance.

Then I do not even speak the vernaculars. Indeed, even in my short tour of thirteen weeks—an ordinary school term

—to have conversed with the people among whom I found myself, I should have had to know, Malayalam, Tamil, Telegu, Kanarese, Marâthi, Urdu, Hindi, and Bengali, an average of a new language every eleven days. It was too discouraging, and I had to fall back on English-speaking people, whether Indian or English, for all my knowledge and impressions.

I am by no means sure that a knowledge of the vernacular enables a man to understand the Indian mind. Nowhere is it more true to say,

> "Eyesight and speech they wrought
> As the veils of the soul within,"

but I am aware how presumptuous it would be to speak as if one understood India without a knowledge of the languages.

I admire the confidence with which some visitors, statesmen and publicists, speak on the subject when they have carried to the Indies only such wealth as

I carried. But I have not been impressed with the value of what they have brought back. My own brief experience upset many of the statements which I had read in the books of these visitors. I am not tempted to imitate their presumption.

But there are certain things which at the present moment and in the present situation in India become clear to a visitor, or at least much clearer than they can be without a visit. And some of these things it may be worth while to record for the benefit of readers who cannot go.

It was my purpose before starting to resist all temptations to write a book, for I had always been among the first to deride those who wrote after a brief visit to such a country as India. It is not altogether the kind importunity of Mr. Herbert Williams and Messrs. Cassell, which has changed my purpose. It is chiefly the fact that my letters from India and my addresses on my experiences have,

if I am to accept many generous testimonies, brought home things which have not been made plain by other writers.

When one after another said to me, "I never understood the situation before," or "I had no idea that our Government of India was accomplishing such results," or "How encouraging your account of Missions is; it gives us new heart to proceed"; and when, furthermore, I found that the watchful critics, who are always ready to contradict one's statements, did not find in my impressions anything seriously to dispute, I felt that I must not allow a barren wish for consistency to keep me from communicating what to some reader might be of value.

I do not think that I suffer from the *cacoethes scribendi*, which the Roman satirist chastised. I have never written anything for writing's sake. Only when I thought I had something to say have I undertaken the toil and weariness of com-

position. I ask the reader, therefore, to believe that the following pages only see the light because I hope they may make our task in India a little clearer to ourselves, and may draw together more closely the sundered parts of this great Empire.

I desire to acknowledge the kindness of the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle* and *The Contemporary Review* for allowing me to use the contributions to those publications in preparing the present book.

I should like also to thank the Boston *Congregationalist* for Miss Spooner's article, which is added as an appendix: it shows me an aspect of my work in India of which I was myself largely unconscious.

R. F. H.

CHAPTER I

THE THRESHOLD OF INDIA

THERE is something to be said for entering India at the southern point. In this approach it is not Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, the great cities of the British rule, that first confront the traveller, but ancient India, the India of an immemorial past. And yet how immediately the British rule is felt!

I crossed over from Colombo to Tuticorin with a Rajah returning to his realm from England, and with the genial and vigorous Bishop of Travancore. The Rajah was at an English public school and university. He was to all appearance an Englishman with a dark skin. His conversation, his interests, his manners were

completely English. And as it is not the habit of the English to talk about religion, the difference in that respect did not make itself felt.

The Bishop represented the religious influence which Britain is exercising over India. Travancore is the most Christian of Indian States. The last census shows that the proportion has risen in the ten years from one-fifth to one-fourth of the whole population. This high proportion is chiefly accounted for by the Syrian Christians, that Church, or churches, which trace their origin to the Apostle Thomas. But the missionary from England or Scotland has greatly influenced this ancient Syrian Church; the mighty personal influence of St. Francis Xavier still shows itself in great Roman Catholic churches and institutions; Ringeltaube still lives in the widely extended work of the London Missionary Society, which has gathered the Shamans, the Puliyar and Pariahs into

Christian churches; and, more recently, the Salvation Army has swept into the State with the impulse and enthusiasm of conquerors.

The traveller, therefore, approaches this southern point of India with an overwhelming sense of the mission of our own people in this great country. And at once we were reminded of the task and its magnitude. For at Manyachi Junction, where we changed in order to reach Quilon, Mr. Aske was assassinated two years ago, a victim to the unrest in India, which has arisen like the tremblings of an earthquake in the last five years, and is said to be mysteriously subsiding owing to the wisdom and tact of King George's visit. In the train, again, we encountered a young Englishman who is in the police service. He was hastening to investigate the murder of a woman, and he explained that the district through which we were passing was notorious for its crimes. He pointed to the

women on the platforms, with the baby perched marvellously upon the hip, and their ears laden with jewels of gold. That loop of the ear, elongated to carry the monstrous ear-rings, was, he said, the occasion of many of the crimes which he has to investigate. The treasure is easily snatched, and the thin strip of ear is torn.

But this leads me to note the first marvel and interest of this great country, viz. the people as one sees them in the open air. Custom gradually stales the marvel, and the residents are quickly unconscious of the charm. But there it is, confronting you at once. Men and women and children are moving everywhere with garments so scanty that the beauty of the human form is not hidden; and such garments as are used only add to, and rarely detract from, that beauty. A white cloth wound gracefully round the head, a slight loin-cloth, a clinging fold of drapery, white, or brilliant in red, or blue, or yellow

or green, does not conceal that colour and shape of man or woman or child which surely was meant to be the fairest sight of the world. They say that the dark colour is itself a kind of garment, and that white men and women would never seem decent or comely in this scant attire. And, indeed, the colour, or rather the colours, are no small part of the beauty. Some of the skins are almost black, some brown, some tawny, but all are rich, glossy as silk, smooth and shapely. The shoulders and the bare arms of men and women, and the comely chocolate-coloured children, possess the eye with a sense of satisfied loveliness. The gay plumage of birds and the spots and stripes of the jungle beasts are not really more beautiful than the bodies of human beings in this land of wonders.

For it is not the colours alone; it is the shape of bodies that move on bare feet, and are exercised by carrying burdens

on the head. The boatman, punting his vallam along the backwater, or the woman with the bundle poised on the head, is a figure for a sculptor to marvel at rather than to imitate. It is a scene of living sculpture, a coloured cinematograph, everywhere in progress, as interesting and beautiful as the Durbar seen at a London theatre.

Travancore is governed, and well governed, by its Rajah, who lives in a homely palace in the Fort of Trivandrum. This mysterious personage is twice-born in a golden bath, filled with the products of the cow, so that, though of a comparatively low caste, he may lift up his head among his Brahmin subjects, who throng around him in the Fort; but in a certain festival he walks, wellnigh stripped, carrying a bare sword, before the car of the god, while the Brahmins ride. In this way the temporal power is kept in due subordination to the religious caste.

But the Brahmins have some reason to

be anxious about the future. The West has invaded the East, and in this invasion the religion of the West plays no inconsiderable part. No one entering India can for a moment think that it is Christian, or near to becoming Christian. The temples of the gods are everywhere, and the marks of the gods, the white lines of Siva or the inverted V of Vishnu, are on the foreheads of the people.

Still Christianity is wonderfully in evidence in Travancore. Churches abound. The educated, English-speaking people are interested in hearing the teaching of the Gospel, and more influenced by it, perhaps, than they know. My first evening in Trivandrum I had a most delightful experience. The fine Mateer Memorial Church was filled from end to end with dark faces. They sang a lyric expressly composed to welcome me, and then presented me with a vellum address, recounting the singular history of the "land of

palms," the work of St. Thomas, of Xavier, of Ringeltaube, and more recently that of Meed, Mault, Duthie, and Mateer. Pastors and catechists were present in large numbers. And when I spoke to them all, the minister translating my sentences into the Malayalam language, it was hard, indeed, to think that I was not speaking to a Christian congregation at home. It does not seem impossible that some day waves of Christian influence may roll back from India on the little island of the West which conceived the great thought of sending the religion which had made it great to the marvellous possession which had come almost unconsciously under the British Crown.

Never can I forget the first impression of Trivandrum. The yellow houses are shaded everywhere with palms; the red lanes run between low, wattled, red-mud walls. Everywhere the people glide noiselessly about like the lithe creatures of the

forest. The large lustrous eyes look at you like those of startled gazelles. The hands of men and women go up to the forehead in salutation. It all seems like a prettily arranged scenic effect on the stage. It is difficult to believe that this is actual human life in the twentieth century under the suzerainty of the King of England.

But this is India, or rather the threshold of India, "the brightest jewel of the English Crown." And through what a portico did we enter the pronaos of the temple! The train passes through the Western Ghauts. The outline of the mountains, which are from four to seven thousand feet high, was soft and clear against the west. The peaks and domes were as sharp and precipitous as the Jotúnheim. The valleys were filled with luxuriant foliage, and everywhere was the brilliant red of the little Lantana shrub. That is the magnificent and alluring approach to Travancore. Then, from Quilon you reach

the capital by the backwater, like the Norfolk Broads, with the difference that palm trees and the false mango trees, with their beautiful but poisonous fruits, line the banks; and everywhere may be seen the brown, glossy bodies of men engaged in some mysterious work, standing nearly up to the armpits in the water. Orioles flash their golden wings among the trees; the shrill music of the cicala, or the loud croak of the frogs is heard all the time. At length the vallam stops at the quay, and with faint distorted recollections of Venice and the gondolas on the Grand Canal, you enter the capital of Travancore.

One peculiarity of this State is that inheritance passes through the mother, and the women have a bearing and a confidence which remind you of their dignity. Another peculiarity of the State-law makes it impossible for a man in caste to become a Christian without losing his share in the

family estates. You immediately cease to wonder that but few of the caste-men take the fatal step; you wonder rather at the immense proportion of the community that has become Christian, and at the incalculable influence which Christian thought and Christian ethics have exercised upon the life and the conduct of the State.

In the town hall of Trivandrum I addressed a crowded audience, the British Resident taking the chair. This large concourse of men understood English. I lectured on Faith, and was listened to with respectful interest when I came to describe the nature of Christian faith. Such a meeting, it was said, could not have been held in Travancore twenty years ago.

CHAPTER II

THE SPLENDID SHRINE OF HINDUISM

If any man chances to be a *laudator temporis acti*, and wishes for the methods and conveniences of our ancestors, let him travel from Nagercoil to Tinnevelly. His course is plain; there is but one road, and it leads across the Western Ghauts, by the green pass of Arumbole—through which Ringeltaube first entered Travancore. It is no exaggeration to say that the mountain farms are as beautiful as any we have in Europe, and the paddy fields and the villages are lovely and interesting. But for complicated torture this journey is not to be equalled in Europe. It is only fifty miles, but the bullocks take from one o'clock in the afternoon till eight or

nine or even ten in the morning, to accomplish the distance, under pressure, that is nearly two and a half miles an hour. That sounds leisurely and restful. But it is not. The bandy is a cart covered in with matting, long enough to lie in. The big wheels, with dwarf springs, give some promise of an easy, swinging motion. You enter your sleeping-car with hope, and until it moves, with a certainty that if ever you slept anywhere you can sleep there. But alas! the machine moves, not fast enough to get along, but violently enough to displace every organ in the body. The road is not so smooth as the surrounding country; the ruts are deep; the holes are frequent; in places the rains have washed away the track; in places futile attempts have been made to mend it by heaping on it piles of stones.

The bullocks keep up a jangling trot where the road is possible; but for the most part they tug and swerve, as the

machine swings and lurches from side to side. The uneasy traveller, courting sleep, is jerked, and bumped, and rolled, tossed and shaken as if he were on the Channel in a bathing van instead of a steamer. At frequent intervals the bandy stops to change bullocks; then he almost falls asleep, but the drivers call and quarrel, and the people of the village gather; everyone wants money, some for driving or doing something, others for not driving and doing nothing. At last the tumult ceases, and the bullocks jog on, to stumble or fall, to swerve, to shave a bandy passing the other way, to engage in its distracting enterprise and adventures until the next change.

After long hours of excruciating sleeplessness, the traveller arrives, dazed, bruised and broken, a firm believer in railways, aeroplanes and any other form of locomotion except bandies and bullocks.

But the reward of suffering is to reach

Tinnevelly. Here the beneficence of British influence in India is strikingly demonstrated. Miss Askwith has her school for the blind; a visit to these afflicted people fills one with hope. They are taught to weave, to do arithmetic, to read, to sing. The prejudice of Hindus against Christian institutions breaks down. Looking on the blind as sinners who are punished by heaven with the loss of sight, they readily relinquish them to the charge of others. I heard these sightless outcasts sing an English hymn, asking for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, in a way which showed how light had entered their darkened minds. Not far off Miss Swainson has a similar institution for the deaf and dumb, who are taught lip-reading and various industries. Every improvement in the treatment of these sufferers has been introduced. Nowhere in England is a better chance given to talents which are locked up and made useless by the deprivation of

the two senses. One girl, another Helen Keller, was blind also; yet she had learnt to write on a typewriter.* In Tinnevelly the two great Church of England Societies, C.M.S. and S.P.G., have 100,000 Christians under their care. It is also a stronghold of Roman Catholicism.

It is a six hours' railway journey from Tinnevelly to Madura. As you approach this ancient and splendid shrine of Hinduism you see the towers of the great temple rising above the houses and the palms, and you might for a moment think that it was a cathedral, Durham or Lincoln. But no Christian Church is so vast. It is an enclosure of sixteen acres, covered with buildings. The four gateways are gobras, which rise to the height of 150 feet. Other gobras within the enclosure are less

* Two days after our visit to this institution a boy was seized with cholera, and in twenty-four hours three were dead. This suddenness of death all over India is partly chargeable with the pathetic resignation and unresisting pessimism of the Indian character.

lofty. The gobra is a huge, wedge-shaped tower, the lower part of which is carved granite; the upper part rises in tier upon tier of stucco figures. The general effect of the brown stone and moulded stucco is picturesque, though the individual figures are not beautiful. Within the walls there is the sacred tank, and long colonnades, with Indian griffins carved on the columns, present endless vistas. There is the hall of the thousand columns. There is the shrine of the god Siva, a dim recess, lighted by lamps far withdrawn. There is also the shrine of Minachi, the Dravidian goddess. From each shrine a vast gilded column rises, piercing the roof; and over Siva's shrine is a gilded cupola. There is also the cult of the nine planets, Navagraham, which are represented by images; the worshipper covers them with flowers and prostrates himself in graceful contortions on the pavement.

One large hall celebrates the marriage

of Siva and Minachi—that is, the welding together of conquering Hinduism and the old demon-worship. The god and goddess are depicted on the wall of what in a Catholic Church would be the altar. The doings of Siva are everywhere represented in sculpture and in painting. His image is washed in a variety of liquids which are drained off into a cesspool. A drop of this liquid will cleanse away the blackest sin. Not far off is a kind of Poets' Corner, in which the images of certain Tamil poets are seen dimly through a grating.

The temple is very rich, endowed with lands and frequent legacies, so that the forty priests are maintained apart from the offerings of the devout. Hinduism is here alive and strong. Whether thoughtful and educated Hindus would like the religion to be estimated by this great shrine, I do not know. Ganesh, the malific, represented with an elephant's head, and

Sulramamjan, the beneficent, sons of Siva, the former's shrine much visited, the latter's neglected; Kali, the many-handed destroyer, and all the other gods and goddesses of this Olympus, may have some mystical meaning to the refined and educated gentlemen who charm one on every hand in India.

Mrs. Besant defends and justifies these deities, and delights the Hindus by defending their faith with all her eloquence; she is even admitted, at least to the door, of temples which Europeans may not approach. But the Western mind cannot but be revolted by the worship of the reproduction of the species, and the representation of the Unseen God in forms, sometimes grotesque, sometimes indecent, never beautiful.

Near to Madura is a summer-house of the gods, in the midst of the large Teppa tank. The building is architecturally more graceful than the temple. On occasion

the gods are rowed over on a raft, amid many rejoicings, for a day's pleasure. Mrs. Besant has, no doubt, discovered the inner meaning of this pious junketing.

More beautiful than the temple is the Palace, built in the sixteenth century, in a Saracenic style. The colonnaded court, the king's place of devotion, and his magnificent bedchamber, richly carved—though now the scene of the British administration of law—form an object of interest which it would be hard to surpass out of Italy.

It is a pity that Madura is so distant and so inaccessible, otherwise it would be the resort of the tourist. And how it would enable us British to understand the task we have set ourselves in the government of India! Here is the glory of India, and here is its shame. Here we learn how little the Westerns can afford to despise the Easterns. And yet here, at a glance, we see in what need the East

stands of the West. No one could walk with open eyes through the temple at Madura without finding the justification of Christian missions.

The Americans have here a strong and finely consolidated work, churches, schools, and hospitals. Mr. Chandler and Dr. Jones are regarded with trust and admiration by the Hindus, and even by the priests.

It was my privilege to address a Convention of Christian Endeavourers within sight of the temple. They are 25,000 strong in South India, and the delegates, male and female, gathered from all quarters, and encamped about the American College. The exquisite colours of the women's dresses, their modest bearing, the Tamil lyrics, the subdued interest in the Christian teaching, the strong and genial group of American missionaries, have left in the memory a pleasant contrast to the grotesque glories of Siva's temple.

CHAPTER III

THE MODEL HINDU STATE

If there is anywhere that an Englishman may feel a chastened pride in the work and qualities of his race, it is surely this Indian State of Mysore. In the park, facing the government offices of Bangalore, is the equestrian statue of General Sir Mark Cubbon. Before it I stood and admired—what can be the cause of the British eminence in subduing nature and building up states? The park bears the name of Sir Mark Cubbon, and his statue stands there in perpetuity; but how few Englishmen know even his name! Yet it ought to stand side by side with those of famous generals—Clive, Outram, Nicholson—whose fame was won in battle.

In the 'thirties of the last century, some thirty years after the overthrow of Tippoo Sultan, the State of Mysore, which had been left in the hands of its Maharaja, had fallen into absolute disorder; he squandered the revenues on pleasure, and increased taxation; he neglected the duties of government; and the roadless, bridgeless country was overrun with wild beasts and robbers. The Raj interfered. A small council of officers, of whom Sir Mark Cubbon was the chief, was appointed to administer the neglected State, while the neglectful Rajah was pensioned off. That administration of a few Englishmen wrought wonders. Roads were made and bridges were built. Life and property became safe. The foundations of a civilised community were laid. Before Sir Mark laid down his task in 1861, Mysore was in apple-pie order, and an adopted heir of the superseded Rajah could be raised to the throne. The statue of his successor,

a very beautiful piece of work, representing him on an Arab steed, with fine figures of Justice and Learning below, stands in the Botanical Gardens—the Lal Bagh. His successor is now on the throne, and the State, brought into lasting order, and set on lines of progress, now makes the boast that it is the model Hindu State in India. Schools and colleges are built in a lavish style. In Bangalore hospitals of all kinds abound.

Perhaps the most remarkable element of progress is that, imitating the Christian schools, the Government sets apart a time in its own schools for moral instruction. The lesson and the prayer with which the day begins might lead one to think that the schools of Mysore were under the London County Council. The noble and stately school of physics and of chemistry, and the great boys' school, built regardless of expense, are a good illustration of the intention of this government to rear

a large class of its citizens educated up to, or beyond, the standard of Europe.

This great and obvious feat of the British Raj in India cannot escape the notice of these highly intelligent people. If there is some irritation at our insular manners and tone of superiority, there can be no doubt in the minds of thoughtful subjects of the Maharaja of Mysore but that they owe an untold debt to Great Britain. They owe a high civilisation, security from external foes and from internal disorders, education, culture, prosperity, and moral ideals, to the handful of white traders who came to them and undertook to manage them 300 years ago.

It seems almost incredible that in a State so advanced, and under a government so progressive, religious equality and even toleration is still unknown. By the law of Mysore, if a caste-man becomes a Christian he forfeits his rights to his land, and even to the care of his own children. A

cause célèbre occurred some time ago, and it was even brought before the House of Commons. A man had three sons; two of them were criminals and actually in prison; one of them was a Christian convert. By the decision of the Courts the gaol birds inherited the estate, and the Christian was disinherited. It is a singular thing that only Christianity, and Christianity not always, produces toleration. Hinduism and Mohammedanism protect themselves by the most relentless persecution of any perverts from their religious practice.

Critics of missions seem to be ignorant of this obvious fact. Commenting on the paucity of converts from the castes to Christianity, they forget that it is not a question of religious conviction; it is a question of forfeiting everything which seems to make life worth living. The pressure which is immediately brought to bear by the organisation of Hindu society

upon any intending pervert must deter all but the most heroic. To lose property, children, parents, to be absolutely repudiated and outcast, to become an alien in one's own country, a stranger to one's own people—that is a high price to pay for accepting the creed of the West. But though converts seem to be few, especially from the higher castes, no one can be in India without seeing that a silent, gradual, all-pervasive transformation is taking place through the noble and devoted work of missions. In the Madras Presidency there are 700,000 Christians, and the recent census shows that the rate of growth is far greater than that of the Hindu community, and, it may be added, the rate of growth in the Protestant is greater than that in the Catholic Church.

But the conversion is not so much of individuals as of the whole population—their style of living, their moral and social ideals, their capacity for progress. Hindu-

ism itself is undergoing a transformation. It is reverting to all that is noble and great in its ancient religious literature. The determining factor in selection from that vast mass of sacred books is evidently the presence of Christianity and the recognition of a Christian standard. The most popular religious book in India to-day is the Bhagavad-Gîta; and this beautiful poem has been called out of its obscurity and neglect because it offers a singular parallel to the main idea of Christianity. Krishna is presented as the incarnation of Brahma, calling his worshippers to himself, and promising them, by the way of contemplation and devotion, eternal life. Happily the poem contains much beautiful ethical teaching. To have induced India to make the Bhagavad-Gîta the popular scripture of educated men is one achievement of Christianity.

There are many societies in India to-day—the Indian word is Somaj—of which

the obvious purpose is to assimilate the moral teaching and catch the spiritual atmosphere of Christianity, without accepting its dogmatic facts. Just as in England there are many cultivated men who have surrendered the teaching of Christianity, and yet are trying to retain the religious effects of the teaching, so there are many Hindus who are accepting the religious influences of Christianity while they decline to become Christians.

The practical beneficence of missions has curiously won the heart of India. Jesus the Healer and Teacher is seen and recognised in the countless hospitals and schools which the Churches have built, while Jesus the Saviour is not yet acknowledged.

But to revert to the work of the British Government in India, it is an ever-increasing marvel as one passes from State to State and from city to city to see how firm and wise and beneficent is the grip

which the English have of the country. The government does more here than at home; it is in a sense more paternal; it interprets its duties of protecting life and property more generously than in England. It wars against disease and famine with extraordinary pertinacity. For instance, it keeps plague out of Madras by a careful inspection of all trains that come from infected districts. It puts up plain and explicit warnings and directions. It multiplies the facilities of life. The postage all over the Indian Empire is only a halfpenny; the third-class fares come to less than 2s. for 100 miles. The people, as soon as they learn to read, write copiously; and as soon as they can travel they take a ticket. It is a great moving, thinking, busy community. One thought is that a large part of the people would not be here at all but for the care and wisdom of the government; another is that they owe to the same beneficent cause the activities

and interests which make their lives valuable.

It was a vast task which we undertook in a fit of absence of mind, as a result of establishing trade in the Indies. No one can say that it has been accomplished faultlessly, that it is free from blunders, or even from crimes. But it is being accomplished in a way which improves as it goes on. Herculean as the work is to bring order, prosperity, health, and progress into a vast population of 315 millions of different races and languages, that work proceeds silently and surely by the steady persistence and skill of our people. Through the English Government, through the English language, through the English literature, and through the English religion, India, which was a geographical expression, is becoming a nation. The *lingua franca* of India is English. Bengali and Tamil and all the 170 languages of the great peninsula inevitably give way

to English when the scattered races and tongues wish to come together and to confer. Even Hindu colleges are obliged to give their teaching in English, and not in the vernacular, because the text-books of the sciences are in English. An educated man or woman in India is one who speaks English. In high schools everywhere the blackboards are covered with English, and you are amazed to hear the dark-faced teachers putting their questions in English, and receiving from the dark, barefooted boys and girls English answers.

When one sees this vast and pervasive influence of England on India—an influence not of arms or of force, but of knowledge and organising capacity—one cannot help devoutly wishing that "English" meant something better than it does. Being so good and so great, what a calamity it is that it carries also with it so much that is common and unclean!

As I see day by day these men, lithe,

intelligent, active, eager to learn, often with depths of spiritual light in their dark eyes, and these women with their graceful motions, their jewelled ears and gentle ways, their tasteful saris, and their singular look of modesty and simplicity; and when I see the children in their fascinating nudity, with their bright, wondering eyes—the more I get the visual and spiritual impression of these vast masses of our fellow-citizens stamped upon my mind, the more the conviction grows that India has as much (of another kind) to give to us as we have given to India. She will repay her debt to us not in sentimental gratitude, but in great spiritual contributions to our national life.

We have taught much; we also have much to learn. We have given much; we have much to receive. Nay, even in our religion we must be learners as well as teachers in India. The people are more religious than we are. If in some vital

and all-important respects we are better than they, it is because we, though we are less dutiful to our religion, have a better religion to exercise its unobserved influences on us.

CHAPTER IV

BRITAIN'S WORK IN INDIA

NOT the least of the advantages I enjoyed during my tour through India was that of a long talk I had with Sir Pardy Lukis, the Director-General of the Indian Medical Service. It would not be discreet to repeat all that he told me; but two things I must dwell on for a moment. This brilliant and capable doctor has in charge the health of India. He travels over the whole country, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Kurachi to Burmah, and keeps in order the vast network of district medical organisations. He was attending a sanitary congress in Madras, where the experts from the whole empire were engaged in considering the way to

combat plague—which seems endemic—and malaria, the enemy which may some day be overcome.

This highly developed army of occupation to keep out disease and to crush the internal foes is characteristic of the Indian Government. In company with Sir Pardy I investigated a Jewell system of filtration which gave to a large city pure and wholesome water. That remarkable system will be extended to city after city. A central and almost paternal Government is seeking to make India healthy, if not happy. I confess, when, in this quiet chat, I realised what was being attempted—to care for the physical well-being of 315 millions of human beings—I was positively taken aback. How little we in the home country realise what is being done in our name by this vast army of silent, non-self-advertising officials! They let the shallow and ignorant criticisms of their work thunder by unnoticed, and go on with quiet

and dogged determination, endeavouring to make a strong, civilised, progressive country. They seem utterly regardless of the herculean character of the task. They do as a matter of course, and in the way of business, what might justly be called the mighty evangelical work of ministering to the health and well-being of men.

The other remark of Sir Pardy Lukis I delight to record. As a doctor he is struck with the gratitude of patients in India. I will not say that he compared it with the gratitude of patients at home; but I myself was curiously impressed. He had been for seven years out of practice, owing to his appointment to the highest office. But still he receives letters and gifts from grateful patients who remember his help long ago, and are anxious to hear of his welfare.

This population has certain characteristics which are peculiarly winning. To the gentle and noble natures of our own

countrymen it makes a strong appeal, the kind of appeal which women and children are supposed to make. They are all so courteous, and even deferential, so unobtrusive, gliding like shadows through the houses or along the ways, so ready to return service with devotion, and kindly interest with genuine love, that the best parts of the best Englishmen cannot but respond; and a certain number of officials and missionaries conceive a kind of compassionate and fostering love for the people which is very beautiful to see.

The coarse and common natures among ourselves, on the contrary, ride roughshod over this gentleness and courtesy. And there are few things on this planet which are more odious to meet than the Englishman, looking very gross and uncomely beside the native grace and charm of India, with brusque and bullying voice, ordering, complaining, cursing. The worst English are certainly the most unmannerly

boors in the world; and in India they are shown up with an effect which makes one blush for the homeland. But even behind these worst faults of manner there are sometimes qualities which India recognises with gratitude. Like a famous headmaster in the judgment of his boys, even this kind of Englishman, though a beast, is often "a just beast."

Here is another side of the titanic work. I met an Inspector of Schools, and obtained a glimpse into the aim of the Government. Mr. Ghokale, whose work on the Indian Council is recognised as one of the potent forces in the country to-day, has been spurring the Council to undertake a system of elementary education for the whole country. The idea seems too daring for the imagination. Ninety per cent. of the population are in villages. It will be necessary to provide a village school for these many thousands of villages. Considering that in the home-

country a universal education has not yet been in operation for half a century—and our population is a mere handful—there is something which takes one's breath away in this great thought. But it will undoubtedly be realised in time. The object of the British Raj is not to rule and to exploit a huge ignorant industrial population, but to educate and train that population, to make it capable of becoming a strong, civilised, and progressive State.

It is a great mission. Perhaps it is largely unconscious. Many of the agents, at any rate, are dominated by the spirit of the whole, rather than impelled by any realisation of the aim in their own minds. But the mission of our Christian country to India is, apart from the specific work of the missionary societies, fulfilling itself.

Many centuries ago, in our small island, the conquered Celts, the invading Saxons, the Danish Law, and the conquering Nor-

mans were welded into a nation. But this British nation in its maturity is doing a greater thing than that. It is welding together the States, the races, the languages and religions of this huge peninsula into an Indian nation. Sikhs, Mahrattas, Bengalis, the Dravidian races, this unimaginable conglomerate of peoples—including now Burmah and the borders of Beluchistan—are becoming an Indian nation. It will have a common language in English. It will have education, civilisation, all the arts and conveniences of life, such as they have been discovered in the West. It will rest on the political principles which were gradually formed by England in a thousand years of strenuous internal development. The moral principles will be Christian.

Then in the Indian nation, come at last to its political and spiritual consciousness, will appear the subtle and dialectical qualities of the Indian mind. This

India will not be another Britain. It may be a greater Britain. Possibly it may develop powers of self-government, and may desire independence from the little State which nurtured and created it. More probably strong ties of gratitude and affection will bind it to Britain. And the greatest achievement of our country will be the fostering into a noble, free and progressive life the ancient realms of India.

Now and again we find Indians already keenly alive to this work which our country is doing in theirs. I am permitted to quote from a letter written by a successful Brahmin merchant (few Brahmins enter into business) to one of the most respected missionaries in Bombay. A perfectly disinterested and spontaneous statement like this throws a very agreeable light on what India is thinking, and may be set off against a good deal of the violent political talk and the fanatical religious resentment

which more frequently find their way into the English Press.

This educated Brahmin, not himself a Christian, says:

"The work of the Christian missionary societies was much misunderstood in the beginnings, as there were a number of converts. But of late you also will see that, though the number of actual converts is decreasing, there are other converts of whom we all ought to be proud. What I mean is that there is a great revolution of thought in the minds of the educated classes. You will mark that of late there is more toleration of the faiths of others, more liberal ideas taking root in our minds. We can clearly see that a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-help is gradually replacing selfishness and utter dependence. To express the results of the education that we are receiving from our rulers and the missionary societies in one word is best done by saying that those who have brought about these results will clearly see the birth of a nation in India. . . . . Instead of being Christians only in outward form, we are gradually becoming Christians in spirit, and we too are fully conscious that this is all due to the noble mission of the British rule.

"There may be times of disappointment and anxiety to the rulers, due to the recklessness, amounting almost to ingratitude, on the part of some of us. But everyone will see that when we water our plants the growth of weeds is inevitable, which a good farmer takes care to root out. But I am glad to say that the Government were never deterred from their mission by any such ungrateful acts of ours, and from year to year they have been providing additional grants for the education of the people. What I want to impress upon your mind is that the bulk of the educated classes in India quite appreciate the benefits of the British rule, without which further progress is impossible. And believe me when I tell you that there are a number of persons amongst us who are proud to be the citizens of the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen."

This is a kind of Imperialism, and a view of our imperial mission in the world, which we should all be glad to acknowledge.

There may be uncertainty about the future destinies of this remarkable country. Ignorance and ambition, revenge, resentment of personal slights, and other pas-

sions of human nature, may kindle a conflagration of revolt. Troubles and carelessness and incapacity at home may prevent us from carrying out the great task. But whatever happens in the future, the service of our country to India remains as a permanent entry on the credit side of our account. And if India becomes a great nation, able to take part in the future development of the world, she will remember with gratitude her grim, taciturn, beneficent foster-mother.

CHAPTER V

IN BENARES

AT Benares you realise that Hinduism is a living thing, and it presents itself with a beauty and pathos which are astonishing to the visitor who has thought of it only as antiquated idolatry.

Just now, at the time of my visit, the Ganges is low, and the long flights of steps, the Ghats, are bare almost to the bottom; but in the ruined colonnades and embankments, and a temple actually slidden into the water, the power and ravages of the river in flood are seen. We embark on a miniature boat-house, and seat ourselves on the roof; and we are slowly rowed up the stream, as far as the tree-covered terrace where Warren Hastings took refuge

from the outraged people of the city; then down the stream to the Mosque with its tall minarets which Aurungzeb erected to flout the Hindus and rebuke their idolatry. But neither Warren Hastings nor Aurungzeb, neither Moslem nor Christian, neither East nor West, has made any appreciable change in the customs, the rites, the religious ideas which find their picturesque expression in that mile or more of river front.

The bank is steep and ascends to the height of 200 feet. On it rise temples, with their carved sikras and gilded summits, jumbled together with palaces, flat roofed, piled high on solid and imposing battlements, and a medley of steps and terraces, and gateways through which the river is reached from the city. The buildings are yellow or terra-cotta coloured, gilded, and otherwise decorated, so that the effect is hardly less beautiful than that of the Grand Canal. Sacred bulls are

tethered in many places, to which the people salaam. Everywhere are the gay colours in which India delights. Garments of bright orange, blue, magenta, iris colours, and dazzling white make the whole scene brilliant in the morning sun.

The pandits recline under their umbrellas, comfortable and serene, exacting toll from the bathers who come down to the water at their allotments. Here a long row of women with a man or two crouches on the very brink; and a Brahmin priest, naked but for a loin cloth, passes from one to another and gives them the sacred mark. They put the water of the river on his feet, and kiss them; then they drink the water which has touched him from their hands. One woman rises up, her arms straight above her head, and makes obeisance. The priest gives them some directions — mutters his mantras — and waves his hands in token of dismissal.

Though it is not easy to distinguish

the ordinary washing and bathing from the sacred function, there is enough of the manifested act of worship to give the scene an air of solemnity. Men and women are mixed; but no one regards anyone else. Each is engaged in his own ablution, physical or spiritual. Here a woman crouches, splashing the water on her face and making mystical marks on forehead and breast. Here a man stands in the water, revolving, and folding his hands together each time in his revolution as he faces the sun. Here is another man in a red cloak standing up to his waist and muttering with a whirring sound. There he stands daily from 3 A.M. to noon, and he has done so for nine years. His eyes are bleared with the sun; all expression has left his face. He is like a mechanism of devotion.

In another place young men, muttering their prayers, plunge into the stream and return to their little matted platforms.

There must be three dips to accomplish the necessary purgation. As the bathers return through the narrow street they shrink from contact with the passer-by, for if they touch they must return and repeat their washing.

At the Burning Ghat several pyres are lighted. A still form covered with a thin white cloth lies on the steps waiting to be committed to the cleansing fire. In a few minutes the ashes will be cast upon the sacred stream. A little way off still stands one of the Suttee pillars, where, before the British Government interfered, the widow burnt herself to death on the pyre of her dead husband.

A beautiful Jain temple, quite new, rises up just above, and gleams white against the intense blue; and in the heights of the sky white doves are wheeling; on the roofs and trees are kites and vultures. The Jain wears a veil over his mouth, lest he should inadvertently swallow and kill

an insect. Hinduism required the widow to die with her husband. And Hinduism without sign of mourning commits its dead to the pyre, and their ashes to the river. Is it from a profound faith that death is impossible, that the dead fare on after death and return to fresh incarnations? And are these fakirs torturing themselves in unutterable ways in order to secure a better incarnation, or even the blessedness of escaping personal being altogether? It is hard indeed for a Christian to enter into the mind of Hinduism, to reconcile its incongruities, to conceive its aspirations. But one thing a Christian must feel at Benares, especially in early morning visits to the temples, and that is, a conviction of the sincerity, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of the devout Hindus. At the great festivals these Ghats are thronged with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, who crowd into the river, well content if the surging mass from the shore push them out

into deep water so that they are drowned. The Government, with a hard, matter-of-fact beneficence, provide police boats, which put out and pitilessly rescue these ready martyrs.

The city is full of sacred learning. Pandit Johnson, as he is called, of the Church Missionary Society, preaches from time to time in Sanscrit; and the Hindus crowd to hear the Christian Pandit showing them the good things in the Shastras, though his object is to demonstrate that they were but types and forecasts of Christian truth.

Hinduism is entrenched in the castes, the rites, the customs, the love, of thousands of years. Buddhism arose in its bosom; but Buddhism has been cast out. Only a stray sculpture here and there in Benares and the ruins of Sarnath remind the visitor that Buddha ever existed. Islam invaded and conquered and ruled India for hundreds of years, leaving ex-

quisite monuments of its architecture, and a community of 60,000,000 followers of the Prophet. But Hinduism and Benares remain the same. Mother Ganges is divine ; to wash in her waters and to drink of them is better than the teaching of the Prophet. Another religion is now appealing to Hinduism. In this city are Christian colleges and schools. Perhaps the most respected man in the city is Rai Mukerjee Sahib, the town clerk, and honorary pastor of a Christian Church.

When India becomes Christian, as it will some day, Benares and Ganges will appear to have been the types of the City of God and of the River which flows from the throne of God. It seems manifest to the visitor to-day that though Hindus do not accept Christianity, Hinduism is accepting it. When Hinduism, with its passionate devotion and its metaphysical genius, has become Christian, the Christianity which emerges may be better than

the Christianity which rests on Judaism and on the polity and philosophy of the Græco-Roman world.

Meanwhile by far the most notable thing in Benares to-day is the Central Hindu College, founded by Mrs. Annie Besant, for the purpose of educating Hindus and teaching them the real meaning of their own religion. The buildings are put up largely by wealthy Hindus, whose names appear on the rooms they have given. In the large hall of the college there is a stained-glass window to the Trinity—viz., Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu (with his wife).

More than a thousand boys and young men are here under instruction; the teachers are largely honorary, Theosophists drawn from all over the English-speaking world. Graduates of English Universities are showing to Hindus what they had not seen before in their own religion, with the incidental advantage of

discrediting some of the features of Hinduism in being. A boy coming to this school already married must pay double fees.

At the Central Hindu College the doings at the Ghats, the Monkey Temple, and other features of the religious life of the city are treated as accretions and corruptions. The primitive Aryan faith is set forth as the religion best suited to India. Thus incidentally Mrs. Besant becomes a direct opponent of Christian missions. She asks her Indian audiences why they allow these alien teachers to enter their homes and to train their children? It was supposed in Benares, though I believe incorrectly, that she encouraged the Hindus to put up notices excluding non-Hindus from the temples; though the priests who were accustomed to get a few annas from visitors make light of the prohibition. Will this revised Hinduism regenerate India? That is a question hardly

less interesting than the other: Will the British rule in India, which has accomplished such amazing and beneficent results, continue when it has made the country a nation capable of self-government?

For the moment Mrs. Besant's work is probably the most serious obstacle in the country to Christian missions. But probably no keen and far-sighted observer is misled by appearances. The real force at work in India is Christianity.

CHAPTER VI

CALCUTTA AND THE CONFERENCE

CALCUTTA is naturally sore. She has shaped herself for more than a hundred years to be the capital of a great empire. Nor is she unworthy of Imperial pre-eminence. And now she is shorn of her honours. The Viceroy departs. Delhi is building. And Calcutta—the city of Kali—must content herself with being the capital of a United Bengal, and the largest centre of Indian commerce. She is somewhat ashamed and dejected, and it is to be feared that Lord Hardinge is not regarded with passionate enthusiasm in this city, which was built and made famous by the East India Company.

But Calcutta has an enduring title to

fame; and here, during the month of December, 1912, was the scene of an event which will probably shape the spiritual destiny of India. She is greater than she knows, and hardly suspects the true ground of her greatness. It was here, or just 12 miles north, at Serampore, that William Carey lived and wrought, the greatest of India's conquerors. And here took place, at the time of my visit, the United Missionary Conference of all India, held in the beautiful rooms of the Asiatic Society, Park Street.

The significance of this conference must be explained. During the winter of 1912-13 John Mott, the chairman of the Edinburgh World's Missionary Conference of 1912, was in India. He is, as all who know him recognise, one of the great men of our time. He is the Imperialist of Christianity, the general of a far-flung battle line which is bent on conquering the world. He has the endurance, the patience, the

persistence, the foresight of a great commander. In eight centres—Colombo, Madras, Bombay, Jabalpore, Allahabad, Lahore, Calcutta, and Rangoon—he summoned the representatives of all the missionary societies to three-day conferences. They responded to the call in a remarkable way. At each centre from 50 to 70 missionary workers, delegated by the various churches and societies, sat in council, and, under Dr. Mott's leadership, faced the whole missionary problem of their respective presidencies and provinces. All that is done has been reviewed, all that needs to be done has been recorded.

And in each province a permanent council has been formed to give unity and direction to the united missionary forces. With a few negligible exceptions, the whole missionary army entered into these councils—British, American, Continental, Australian. Side by side sat Bishops of the Anglican Church, the Metropolitan

of the Ancient Syrian Church, the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Baptist missionaries — who represent the earliest and the largest missionary force in India — Lutherans, Presbyterians, and all the other denominations of the Protestant world. The comity was perfect; the desire for co-operation was fanned to a bright flame. The missionary methods were revised and improved; but, best of all, the missionary forces realised their essential unity. A new day of missionary enterprise in India has dawned.

Each of these Indian conferences nominated five representative members to form an All-India Conference. And this carefully-prepared representative body sat in Calcutta for three days, under Dr. Mott's unwearied leadership. All the 5,200 missionary workers, and the vast army of their Indian colleagues, were here representatively in council.

The conception of thus reviewing, organising, and co-ordinating the forces is that of the Edinburgh Conference. To carry it out required a man of Dr. Mott's commanding gifts. It is almost incredible how he bore the strain of the effort. And yet, in addition to the conferences, he addressed huge meetings of English-speaking Indian students in each city, and also found time to visit and encourage other workers in places by the way. He stood a massive personality, self-emptied, God-centred, drawing together all the Christian forces in India, to direct their energies and form their plans for the accomplishment of the heroic task which William Carey undertook in the closing decade of the eighteenth century. A strong faith has been generated during these weeks that the twentieth century, and perhaps the first half of the century, will see that task accomplished.

But there are many people, both at

home and in India, who have no sympathy with this task. Christians themselves, at least in name, they see no necessity for seeking to make India Christian too. They think that Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and even the gross Animism of the 50,000,000 of outcasts, are suitable religions for their fellow-subjects in the East. These people for the most part neither have nor desire close contact with these interesting and intelligent races which are under the same flag. They do not wish to share with them their religion or anything else. But there are not a few in England—Theosophists, liberals in theology, or indifferent in religion—who have a sentimental admiration for the Eastern religions, as they are called—is not Christianity an Eastern religion?—and they consider it worse than useless, positively injurious, to disturb the convictions of these vast masses of human beings who are not only well content with their own religion, but

passionately, and even fanatically, attached to it.

Let me confess to the reader that the religions of India have made upon me a far more favourable impression than I expected. Both Moslems and Hindus are much more pious, and there is far more of genuine and inward religion among them, than we at a distance are able to conceive. Looking at our own Godless and irreligious people at home, who never worship, and have no vital creed, or even religious interest, I am very ready to admit that India is more religious than England.

Yet how superficial is this judgment! What is wanted is not religion, but a good religion, a religion which builds character, lays the foundations of a true society, and makes a strong and progressive State possible. In these all-important respects the irreligion of England is better than the religion of India. Our worst people at home are at any rate personalities; cen-

turies of Christian tradition have given them the sense of free-will and responsibility. They may be vicious and impure, but they do not mistake their vices for worship, and indulge in impurity as the highest act of religion. Only in leaving Christian soil and entering a heathen atmosphere does one realise how great is our Christian heritage even at the worst, even for those who make no personal effort to make it their own. The difference between Christian and non-Christian does not lie exclusively in the domain of personal religion, but largely in the moral suppositions of society, the basis or framework of the State. If only our people at home would grasp this fact, they would be nobly enthusiastic in giving Christianity to India.

In India there are three classes: (1) Hindus, who, in their innumerable castes, form the vast majority of the population, from 180,000,000 to 190,000,000 souls;

(2) Mohammedans, who number about 60,000,000, making King George the ruler of more Moslems than Sultan or Caliph ever ruled; (3) the outcasts, who number about another 50,000,000.

The 3,000,000 of Christians, the Jews, Parsees, and various Somajists are an inconsiderable fraction of the 315,000,000 returned in the last census.

Let me take the outcasts first. These millions of people are regarded with the utmost contempt by the Hindus themselves. They may not on any pretext enter a temple. Uneducated, despised, neglected, they would have continued to live their lives on the lowest level that men can occupy—Animists in religion, little more than animals in life. Christianity has come to them, and made them men and women. It has given to them hopes, ideals, education. Hindus see these pariahs and pulyar of their country becoming men equal to themselves. Stung into

action by the example of Christianity, some Hindu movements, like the Arya Somaj, are attempting to educate and elevate the outcasts.

Suppose we left Hindus and Mohammedans alone; ordinary charity and humanity would impel the Christian Church to go out and save this lost, degraded, hopeless mass of humanity. How can we sit comfortably at home while 50,000,000 of our fellow-subjects are living as brutes, worshipping demons, outcasts from human society? I am convinced that if the millions of outcasts were brought before the imagination of Christian England, and if the mass movements among them in South India, in the Telegu Country, in the United Provinces, and in Assam could be realised, a noble enthusiasm would take possession of our people; there would be volunteers and funds, and we should go out in force to do the noblest and knightliest deed which lies before the modern Christian world. I wish

I had space to record what I have seen of these degraded populations, and to communicate the hope which they imparted to me.

About the Mohammedans I speak with respect and admiration. I saw in Chowringhee, the great European street of Calcutta, twenty or thirty of them facing the sunset in prayer, and silently I joined in their prayers, and asked that the light of God might shine into their hearts.

Here is the plain fact, as the Governor of the United Provinces was telling the authorities of Alighar, the other day: the Moslem countries—Turkey, Persia, Morocco—are all going by the board. They cannot find the foundation of a stable society or of a just Administration. The reason lies in the Koran itself. That inspired book is the limitation of the Moslem mind, and it does not contain the principles on which an enlightened and progressive community can be formed. Women remain

in a status of permanent inferiority. Immorality is not illicit. Sin is venial, for Allah is merciful. Everything is determined by Kismet. An ingrained fatalism keeps a Moslem population from the effort which is necessary for progress, and reconciles it to the abuses and disabilities which condemn a race to inferiority. Christianity surely has this duty: to make known to Moslems the secret of inward purity and of political justice.

What is the duty of Christians to Hinduism, to the vast majority of the population of this fascinating country? Hinduism is a philosophy, a social system, a religion. As a philosophy, essentially and always pantheistic, it makes the very idea of personality meaningless. Moral development is impossible and unintelligible. The mental and moral nature loses outline, distinctness, and purpose. The object is not to gain personality, but to lose it. The heaven of Hinduism is to

cease to be. As a social system it divides men into castes which may not even eat together. It destroys individuality. A man is a member of a caste, not a living, independent, moral person. Whatever the caste system did once for the good of the race, every thoughtful Indian reformer now recognises it as the fatal enemy to reform, progress, and genuine nationality.

CHAPTER VII

THE HORRORS OF KALIGHAT

I HAVE spoken of the beauty and pathos of Hinduism as seen on the banks of the sacred Ganges at Benares. It is, unfortunately, necessary in some measure to complete the picture by some kind of a description of what meets the eye at such a place as Kalighat. If the reader is tempted to entertain any sentimental optimism about the Hindu religion, if he has any cheap philosophy about Christianity being the best religion for the Western, and Hinduism for the Hindu, the simplest cure is for him to pay a visit to Kalighat, the Temple of Kali. It is impossible for me to write down all I saw, I can only record enough to give the

reader the impression which was left upon my mind by my visit to this place.

I had heard that Kalighat was terrible, though, until I had actually seen and heard, it was impossible for me to imagine the scene. When I went out that morning, accompanied by one of our missionaries, I prayed that whatever I might find the place to be, I might have the grace and power to commend Christ to someone there. When we entered the lane approaching the temple, thronged with people all coming to do their *puja* (worship), we were immediately caught by a Brahmin, almost naked, who presented himself and offered in voluble English to show us over the temple himself.

When this Brahmin accompanied me, talking English so well, I thought, "This is my opportunity. I will let him tell me all he likes and show me this temple himself before I speak to him about Christ"; and he did. He took me for one of the

travellers who come crowding to India interested in aspects of idolatry. He told me everything with perfect freedom. I simply cannot repeat what he said. There is no architectural beauty at Kalighat. It is all hideous and revolting. First of all there was the tank in which the women were bathing because Siva bathed in it, and it was supposed that then they would have sons. Then we entered its precincts. Within there is a shrine before the hideous Ganesh with elephant head, and semi-naked people were crouching round and offering their *puja*. Then we came into a larger temple where is the central shrine of Kalighat. It was impossible for us to enter, impossible to see, though people do sometimes catch a sight of the revolting figure within. It was thronged with people. Being a Brahmin and everyone respecting him, our guide knocked the people about and pushed them aside as if they were dumb driven cattle, to make

room for us. Even Indian courtesy disappears in the presence of Kali. Goats are sacrificed in the worship of the goddess. Our guide took us to the place where a kind of shambles is prepared, and the heads of the goats are struck off. I shall never forget the expression of that man's face when I said to him, "Would you sacrifice a cow?" He looked dumbfounded—the awful sacrilege of sacrificing a cow! If I had said a woman he would merely have replied in the negative. A young girl of about twelve years of age came and prostrated herself at the place of sacrifice again and again, and the Brahmin explained that she hoped in this way to become a fruitful mother.

Next we saw the image of Vishnu of pure gold; then a porch where a number of women and girls were being taught. The steps of the temple were crowded with little girls. Some of them had been in our L.M.S. school and they came eagerly to talk

to us. The Brahmin himself explained they were kept here until they lost their virginity. At the bathing ghat the women of the city were bathing; this is their resort.

We were taken into a great colonnade, a kind of picture-gallery representing the gods. One was a picture of the latest incarnation of Kali, representing her carrying her head under her arm. Another was a picture of Vishnu riding on an elephant made of women. Before these pictures there were men beating drums in a kind of foul ecstasy. A fakir close by came forward; he was the most degraded-looking human being I ever saw. The dirt, the noise, and the fetid atmosphere were insufferable. I felt it almost impossible to mention the name of Christ in this building. It seemed as if the very stones would cry out; but I had determined to speak to this Brahmin, and when we were leaving the building I asked him to tell me if

he knew anything about Christ. Can you imagine my horror? He knew all about Christ. He had been for six years in the Bhowanipore mission school. He knew the chief missionary, with whom I was staying. He told me in the coolest way that Christ was crucified for us. "It is the same; that religion is for you, this is good for us." I said, "You know about Christ, then; you know there is no Saviour but Christ; you know that Kali cannot save, and that this goddess can never help these poor human beings?"

He was uneasy and seemed to be conscience-stricken. I said, "Now I charge you to tell these people about Christ. Will you promise me to do this?" He said he would, but, of course, I could not be sure of his sincerity. Directly he had said it and I had given him a trifle for the trouble he had taken in conducting us, he turned to me and said, "You will give me more than this; I have all these poor people

to maintain." That was the opposite to the truth, it is the poor people who maintain him; enormous revenues are derived from Kalighat. I turned to him and said, "I offered you that trifle for your services, but I could not give a penny to this temple. It is terrible to me." I thought, of course, I had made an enemy for life, but—would you believe it?—two days later I was in the streets of Calcutta; I was just getting into a tram, and a man came up to me, quite properly dressed, moved to me, held out his hand and said, "You do not know me. I showed you Kalighat." I said to him, "Didn't you promise me that you would come and see the missionary?" He said, "I know the missionary, I know the station, I know all; I know *Our Father which art in heaven.*" And he rattled off the Lord's Prayer in the street.

I got into the tram and left him, feeling that no human hand can pluck out of that foul possession one who, probably for

pecuniary reasons, surrenders himself to that deadly influence of idolatry.

You say, "Surely Kalighat is maintained only by ignorant and base Hindus?" But alas! it is maintained also by the cultivated, educated, English-speaking Hindus, by men who, when the proposal was made a short time ago to drain the river and cleanse the precincts as a sanitary precaution, raised their protest and prevented it from being done—it would be an interference with religion. Kalighat is the centre of the vice of the city, the scene of what we should call debauchery. It is impossible for the reader who has not visited the scene to imagine what it is like. There is one text which describes the whole thing: it is St. Paul's terrific saying, "The things that they sacrifice they sacrifice to devils."

We in the happy light of Christendom, trained in the Christian morality and permeated with Christian ideas, cannot con-

ceive that religion can take this form. We know that vice exists in our own cities; but that it should be connected with a place of religion, and even practised as a form of worship, is so remote from our dreams that we never really grasp what these heathen cults mean.

Our missionary zeal is cooled by the bland assurances that Hinduism is a religion on the same plane as Christianity, and we deprecate interference with a system which for India is as salutary as Christianity is for us. But this rose-water theory cannot survive a visit to Kalighat.

Though I should be sorry indeed to visit that haunt of demons and lust again, I am thankful that I saw it; for it has sealed my purpose never to rest or be satisfied until these attractive and winning peoples of India have set Christ in the place of Siva and Kali, and learnt from His lips the truth: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

CHAPTER VIII

MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY

IT would be well if all our countrymen could visit Lucknow and Delhi, for not only do they contain the records of the courage and endurance of our predecessors, who quelled the Mutiny of 1857, but they give a new meaning to the task which we have to perform in India.

The Mutiny seemed, for the moment, the end of the British Raj. A prophecy declared that as 1757, and the battle of Plassey, established the British government, through the East India Company in North India, 1857 would see its destruction. Taken by surprise, the authorities—civil and military—were completely overborne by the mass of mutineers, and in June,

July and August of 1857 it was the very general conviction in India that the British Raj was over, and the only power to conciliate was the conquering Indian army. The prophecy, however, did not come true; the augurs misread the signs. The year 1857 saw the end of the rule of the East India Company, but the beginning of the rule of the direct British Government.

In that furnace of the Mutiny the task of our country in India was shaped; it came out, formed, tempered and annealed. We hesitate in our day to use the language of religion in politics. We are more reverent, perhaps, and do not venture to recognise the hand of God in our national affairs. But if I may use the language of a former day, to express a truth, which is not felt now less deeply because it is differently expressed, God very plainly, in the year 1857, declared His will, that the Christian country, whose traders had unwittingly and unintentionally become the rulers of

India, should deliberately undertake to unite the races and governments of the peninsula, to shape the future for its 300,000,000 of men, and to confer upon them the sum total of the benefits which have been secured by the Christian religion and Western civilisation.

What is to be desired is that the Government of our country, which is in the last resort the whole body of citizens, should realise the position; and because Lucknow and Delhi bring it home, with tears and blood, and anguish and sacrifice, I could wish that all the citizens of the Empire might visit those fateful cities.

Lucknow is a spacious city, with broad streets and vast buildings, which, if somewhat tawdry in detail, are magnificent in their general aspect.

The vast Kaiser-Bagh, and the Imambara and Husain-Bagh, give the spectator a better impression of the "gorgeous East" than any other scene in India.

These mosques and palaces were occupied by the mutineers in their memorable siege of the Residency. In their courts and prisons our countrymen and country-women were incarcerated and shot.

But the Residency itself exercises such a spell over the visitor that it is hardly possible to think of anything else. It lies to-day just as it was after the relief of Lucknow, a mournful and pathetic ruin, or park of ruins. The marks of the cannon, the battered walls, the roofless houses, might lead you to think that the siege was just over, and the besieged had recently passed out to a place of safety. But a closer look shows that kindly Nature and pious memories have been at work. A wealth of verdure clothes the ruins and holds the crumbling walls together. The beautiful purple bougainvillea flames over the dilapidated Treasury. Exquisite golden shrubs light up the vistas of decay. The lawns and paths are in

order. Monuments stand everywhere recording heroic names. A tablet marks the place in the wall where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded, and in Dr. Fayrer's ruined house, we are informed by another tablet, he died. The ruins are preserved in pious memory; not a stone or brick shall be repaired or removed. At the north-east corner of the enclosure is the turret where

> "Ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

And there it hangs still, always renewed. For what happened there is a fact that lives. What was bought there by the dauntless courage of our men, and the anguish, the patience, the heroism, the Christian faith, of our women, is our heirloom, our commission. It is by this mournfully beautiful scene of deaths and graves that we are perpetually summoned, in God's name, to do our duty to India, and

to justify the blood that was so freely spilled upon this spot.

There is the great central building of the Residency, in the base of which the women and the children were preserved during those appalling months of the siege, when the cannon-balls were daily piercing the roofs, and killing one after another of the garrison. There is a tablet in the veranda of that house which marks the spot where a young girl of nineteen was killed by a shell. There is also, at the entrance to the underground hall, a beautiful tablet to Julia Inglis, the Commander's wife, who untiringly ministered to those terrified and suffering women. Beautiful mark of womanly heroism living at the core of the heroism of the men!

Some of those women kept diaries, which we read to-day with tears. How the heart beats as we realise it all.

"Three round shots came through the roof of drawing-room this morning. . . . May a Father in

heaven have mercy on us! For His dear Son's sake make us ready. Mr. A., 7th Cavalry, shot dead, looking out from the Cawnpore battery; and Mr. H. had his leg broken from a round shot hitting a table, the leg of which broke his. . . . "

A messenger arrives with a letter for Mr. Gubbins (whose battery is marked on the ground still) to say that a relieving force was approaching; he said:

"The general was a little man with white hair, supposed to be General Havelock. Mr. Gubbins read service after breakfast. An unusually quiet day. Mr. L. killed in the Cawnpore battery this afternoon, leaving a widow and child."

"Good kind Major Banks shot dead through his temples!" "Mrs. A. told me that my own W." (the writer's husband) "was wounded. We are in God's hands." Mrs. Dorin was moving some things from one part of the building to another, "when, at the door leading from her room to the dining-room, a matchlock ball struck her on the face, and she immediately expired while I was looking at her and calling for the doctor.'"

So it went on, day after day, week

after week. Two thousand of those in the Residency perished, before the final relief. Havelock died at Dilkusha on November 24th, and was buried at Alam-Bagh.

The cemetery is exquisitely peaceful. Nature has reasserted her supremacy, and the trees wave restfully over those simple graves. But as you begin to read the inscriptions and to wander down those quiet paths, you are touched to the quick; for the dread story of that anguish is written there. The graves have received the young. There are young wives, many between twenty and twenty-two, and their infants, who succumbed to the terror of that situation. There are young men, the officers, fresh from England, who laid down their lives in the sorties and the defence works. One grave contains a hundred dead, unnamed. And central, as it were, for the whole situation, there is the grave of Henry Lawrence, who was shot in the early days of July—Lawrence, whose worn,

anxious, but inspired face is seen among the portraits of the small museum. That epitaph has struck the keynote of the British administration ever since. Probably no civilian or military servant of the Crown in India is removed from the spell of those simple words. We regret that a kind of British propriety put in the third person on the stone what were the hero's own direct words. Posterity must not forget to correct that mistake. It should read :

" Here lies
HENRY LAWRENCE.
I tried to do my duty. May the Lord have mercy on my soul.'
Born 28th of June, 1806.
Died 4th of July, 1857."

This is the sacred spot, where the feverish agony was endured, now tranquil and inspiring, where we as a country should continually resort to renew our vows for the government of India.

The witness of Delhi is identical with

Lucknow. The Fort and the Jama Masjid carry us back to the great period of the Mogul dynasty. The tomb of Humayun, and the relics of eight previous Delhis, on the plain south of the present city, give us a sense of India's greatest past, and make us conscious of the historic motive in making Delhi the new capital of the Indian Empire. But it is as the scene of the heroic episodes of the Mutiny that we are for the moment visiting it. Not the magnificent Fort, with its exquisite Diwani-Khas—the most ravishing building in India —not the long line of kings who ruled, and built, and sinned, and perished here, but the Kashmir Gate, and the Ridge to the north of the city, with its pathetic monument, lead us to link it with Lucknow.

On that Ridge the British, 9,000 in number, were posted, to recapture Delhi from the mutineers in June, 1857. Exposed to the fierce heat of the Indian sun,

they found themselves not only unable to take the city with its 40,000 troops, armed with the British artillery which British officers had taught them to use, but actually besieged and assailed in their exposed position by the thousands of mutineers. Battle after battle was fought. The women and the civilians, as well as the soldiers, lived in the attitude of constant defence. The monument on the Ridge records the daily battles, and the names of the British officers who fell. It was a strange oversight not to record also the Indian officers who remained faithful to the Government, and laid down their lives with the British, as if in unconscious prophecy of the day when Britain and India would become one homogeneous State. From May to September, in the intolerable heat, and battles, and losses, and deaths, those heroic men and women held their ground. Then John Nicholson came and breathed into them courage to

assail the impregnable walls, and to face the 40,000 secure behind them.

The Kashmir Gate stands unrepaired; the walls are as they were after five months' pounding of the guns. The gates were blown in by the sappers, who sacrificed their lives to fire the charge. And then Nicholson entered, and in the tortuous lanes of the city, approaching the centre of the besieged's defence, he was shot. His statue, by Brock, is in the garden, outside the Kashmir Gate, a heroic figure, an inspired face. His hand points to the spot within the walls where he fell. He seems to animate us to our task, the proper figure of what the British in India should be. They say that a sect of the Sikhs worships Nicholson as a god. He is more worthy of worship than any god in the Indian Pantheon of which I heard.

Beyond the Ridge, on the site where possibly the new Delhi will, or should, be, past the new bungalow of the Viceroy of

India, is the Rajput cemetery. Like the sacred spot at Lucknow, it appeals with an extraordinary power—it seems the shrine at the centre of India's new capital. Over the gate a brilliant golden creeper grows. Just within the walls is the monument to Sir H. Barnard, the general who fell in the siege. Then there are the graves of England's lads and grown men who died or were killed. One grave is marked by three broken columns, on which are three names: Travers, Law, Lumsden. Monuments raised by relatives or comrades, with heartfelt inscriptions, record not only that these died for Britain's task in India, but what sort of men they were who died, men whom a grateful country must remember, and see that they did not die in vain.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

CHAPTER IX

AMONG THE HIMALAYAS

LEAVING Lucknow quite late at night, we woke in the morning to find the whole interminable plain of India red under the morning light. It was so cold that we were thankful to take our overcoats and gloves—things which we had done without for months. We changed at the junction into a very little train on a very little line. Before we came to the end of our journey we began to see the delicate line of the mountains against the northern sky. And after the interminable plain, that deadly level which depresses the spirit and almost gets upon the nerves, the very sight of mountains is like a refreshment. Then for many miles the train runs through a

genuine jungle, a jungle where wild beasts are found, though unhappily as we passed they were not seen.

We arrived at last at Kathgodam, and began to ascend to Almora. You quickly enter the folds of the hills, and the road climbs up the mountain-side under the trees, and then it is a succession of up and down mile after mile. Trees clothe the mountains of these spurs of the Himalayas to the very top, and some of the trees are extremely beautiful. For example, all along the valley there are great rhododendron trees rising to the height of twenty-five feet, and fortunately on some of them the rhododendrons were in bloom, and wherever the patches of rhododendrons appeared along the valley it was like a flash of fire. We were high enough to look back through the opening of the gorge. From that height and with that foreground, the vast Plain of India became positively beautiful. I could not help thinking, as I

caught the first sight of that Plain, "Perhaps our joyless earthly life will, when we get higher, look beautiful like this."

About evening, we came to the first stage for the night, and that is a station, a little hamlet and a bungalow upon the side of an exquisite mountain tarn. This is Bhim-Tal. For the night we put up in the bungalow, and after our things were arranged we walked round the lake and saw reflected in its deep bosom the stars—such a reflection as only the starlight of the East can produce. That night it was bitterly cold. I suppose it was because we had been for weeks in tropical heat, but I imagine the temperature had gone lower. We were 4,400 feet high, and though a fire was lighted and we drew our clothes over us, I for one kept awake shivering through the night. But in the morning we started again. All that day we were climbing up, sometimes down, through the wooded paths along the mountain-

sides with fresh beauties opening out at every turn. Sometimes we could see a village upon the hill-side and found it was deserted. The people had all moved down for the season and the houses remained untenanted. Sometimes we should meet a traveller. Occasionally we saw the people who were working in the fields or on the farm. Once we met a group of men who offered us a little wild animal which they had caught, and I was greatly tempted to purchase it, but I did not quite know whereunto it would grow, and I suspected that when fully developed it would be perfectly capable of eating me!

Climbing up along wooded terraces, towards midday we reached the highest pass, 7,000 feet high—though the trees cover it to the top, it is a beautiful ridge visible from Almora, cutting the southern skyline—and from that ridge there broke out upon us the most wonderful sight I

have ever seen in my life. There was the vast panorama of the Himalayas. To the extreme left appeared Badra-Nath, then Trisul, then Nanda-Devi, the highest mountain upon British territory, and then the Panch-Chula, a great range from left to right, the average height of the mountains being 23,000 feet. As we stood gazing at this amazing spectacle it was impossible to speak, it was impossible even to think. Your breath was taken away. You had not imagined that this world could present anything so majestic and so beautiful. And yet these mountain walls were seventy miles away as the crow flies. They looked near; they were in dazzling light, and the white walls seemed to cast their shadows down the sides. You thought you saw the ribbed ridges and the beds of glaciers. Awful as these inaccessible heights are for the boldest climber, awful and unapproachable in their majesty and terror,

they yet were made lovely by the foreground of wooded mountains that rose in their matchless beauty and majestic calm.

In India the beautiful and the base are always closely connected. We came immediately to a shrine by the way where rags and other offerings were placed by pilgrims in passing—that strange superstition that occurs in every part of the world, that leads the worshipper to offer part of the garment as the nearest expression of the person to which the garment belongs. Then we descended to Ram-gahr. Every turn of the journey presented some new delight, some new interest, and such human beings as appeared were all of them strange and curiously unlike those we had seen before. Constantly you met along that road a people called the Bhotyar, a tribe on the borders of Tibet. They travel along this road with their flocks of sheep, which are not for sale, but are

beasts of burden; on the sheep is bound the little burden, ten pounds at most; they are driven five miles, and then the drivers and company settle down for the day. You may pass the sheep and the shepherds in camp, and they are charmed if you propose to photograph them, the friendly, lonely people of the mountain districts of Tibet.

At last we came down towards evening to Peora, where there is an unsurpassed view of the Himalayas. From this spot Almora is visible. You see it on the farther ridge about ten miles away with the Himalayas as its background. It is a beautiful spectacle, the first glimpse of the little town. It looks like Nazareth on the hills of Galilee, and all the way from Peora to Almora, the long descents right down to the plain and then the long ascent of 5,000 feet up to the town, is a fresh series of delights. We cross the bazaar that runs along the ridge, and

find ourselves at Miss Budden's bungalow, where Miss Shepheard also lives. And that bungalow is situated so beautifully and is furnished and arranged with such charming taste and simplicity, that I do not remember ever to have stayed in any place more truly fascinating. When the morning breaks the whole valley will be filled with fleecy clouds, and beyond the clouds the hills rise, and from one point in the garden you see one snow-peak of the Himalayas. That garden of Miss Budden's is a touching and beautiful thing to notice. She is a great lover of English flowers. She is an Englishwoman, but she was born in Almora, the daughter of the missionary who made the Almora mission, and when she speaks of "her people," she means the people of Almora, and not the people of England. Yet her heart craves for the flowers of England, and she has made her garden a perfect paradise of English flowers. Among the

mimosa and banana trees with the little spectacled birds flying about (one of the prettiest birds in India) she has planted her roses, and her lilies, her mignonette, and all round the house a border of violets which were in bloom.

Just above the bungalow of Miss Budden a number of houses rise along the hill-side, and among them is the little hospital which is Miss Shepheard's chief work. It is very simple. The rooms are very plain, no luxury, and all the apparatus is only the necessaries of medical work. On the other hand, its position is so ravishing that it seems to me you had only to place your patients on the veranda and leave them there to God and Nature and they must be cured. Looking out on this beautiful scene, it seemed as if the healing might be left to Him. But Miss Shepheard is a very successful doctor, and everybody in that place knows her, and though she says so little about it, as a

matter of fact she is felt to be not only the doctor, but the missionary, the friend, the comforter, the guide, the teacher of the whole place.

You climb up the hill-side and there is a girls' school. Their bright and charming faces are usually to be seen about the paths. And then a little higher rises the fine church where I had the joy of preaching.

When we arrived at Almora almost immediately we met the whole Christian community. They were gathered together to give us a welcome. The men were dressed, not like the people of the plains, but in a kind of mountain costume, and looking decidedly different in race and character. The women, of course, in their pretty saris and chuddahs made the whole spectacle beautiful and gay; and the children, exquisite little haunting sprites, with eyes like gazelles staring at you and running away to hide,

not content till you had said salaam to them and then quite content to run away. The Indian child, unlike the English child who wants money, is amply gratified with a smile, and a salaam is to him what a sweetmeat would be to his Western brother.

A great work at Almora in addition to the schools is the Ramsay College, a large boys' school. It was established by Sir Alexander Ramsay, who was at one time the collector—that is, the head official—of the district.

It was in this Ramsay College that I was permitted to give a lecture on "Faith." A great congregation of people assembled, English-speaking. As it is a hill station and not like the large towns, the congregation had to be explained to me before I began my lecture. To all appearance these men might have been travellers from the roadside who had slung their old clothes about their shoulders and dropped

in to get a little rest. But these were the nobility and gentry of Almora. There were pleaders, judges—all the important people were present.. Happily I had learnt by then to treat every man with reverence, and you should certainly learn that in India; because a man you may meet with a cloth round his loins may be a person of the highest position. If only English people grasped this fact and treated men of other hues and other clothes with the same respect and reverence as they treat the English, half the difficulties of Indian life would disappear. But the curious thing is that the English mind cannot conceive that a man half-naked, or in apparent rags, can be a gentleman, a saint, or even a genius. One of the men who came, a Mohammedan, said he was charmed with us all. It was delightful, he agreed with everything, and I was prepared to hear that this man was on the verge of Christianity—but one

must not jump to conclusions, as will presently appear.

Another feature in Almora is the Leper Hospital, a mile from the town. It looks out over the hills and is itself upon a high hill. I had the privilege of speaking to these lepers, on the Sunday afternoon, Mr. Oakley interpreting for me. The men were on one side, the women on the other.

I was asked after the service that day by an interesting-looking man called Hira Tamtra, who is a coppersmith, and belongs to a low caste of smiths, if I would go and visit them and speak to the school where night by night they trained their fellow-craftsmen. I set out that night in a deluge of rain which swept along the streets till it was like crossing a river. They had prepared a little decoration in the court of the house, but the rain made it impossible to meet there, and in a little room within the veranda I found the most loyal demon-

strations—pictures of our King and Queen and Royal Family. The first object of this society was to teach the people the benefits of the British Government, and the second object was to promote temperance and social reform. By their own wish a Christian teacher comes to speak to them each night. I presented to them the claims of Christ, and this group of heathen men listened with a curious interest and attention and without any sign of resentment at the directness of my appeal. I called upon them to confess Christ. Instead of resenting this, they expressed at the close the most exquisite gratitude for my coming to speak to them, and presently a young man rose from the meeting and presented to me a sort of memorial which they had drawn up thanking me for coming. Hira Tamtra saw me again and travelled with me from Almora. He seemed to hang about as if he were conscious of the drawing of Christ,

and wished all his people to come to Him.

Now for the dark side. There were a number of women, the mother and sister of this very man, and his brother, to whom I spoke. They welcomed me, they were kind and courteous. I found that the younger woman was the concubine of that very Mohammedan I mentioned earlier, who, I thought, had been "almost convinced!" He keeps her and pays her by the month. She would not marry a Mohammedan, but still she sees no objection to this relationship, which, from the Christian point of view, is so intensely and painfully demoralising. There you come across that kind of moral perversion which really lies at the root of all the opposition to the Gospel in India. A Mohammedan gentleman, knowing that he is living in that way, will talk about faith and religion.

On the return march we stopped at

Peora. In the early morning before we started we had one of the most magnificent sights I have ever seen. The great line of the Himalayas was rosy. The snows were burning with the morning sun, and between the distant barrier of the Himalayas and the hill on which Peora stands the whole space was filled with what seemed like a vast sea of cloud, which broke upon the emerging mountain ridges as waves break upon the shore—a sight so beautiful that, combined with the many pleasures of the past few days, it made us sorrow to leave these mountain heights. With a sense of regret and longing I descended into the monotonous plain, although it was to visit Agra and Delhi.

But Almora remains in memory as I saw it first, like Nazareth upon the hill-side, and as I saw it later, like Jerusalem with the mountains all about it, the Celestial mountains. It is a retreat of rare earthly

beauty, and the thought of the Church of Christ there in the very centre toiling through the sanctified lives of these men and women fills the heart with gratitude and joy. It opened in the soul, not only sacred thoughts of service for our Lord on earth, but the hope of heaven, the yearning for the marvellous day when we may leave the monotonous plain of life to climb the hills of God and find ourselves wrapped in that heavenly light of purity, loveliness, and love, to come no more down for ever.

CHAPTER X

A DAY AT BARODA

THE brief story of my visit to Baroda is an illustration of the Shakespearean word, "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."

When I had finished preaching on my first Sunday evening in Bombay a Hindu gentleman waited on me and urged me to pay a visit to Baroda. It seems that he had come into Bombay that day from Baroda not knowing that I was there. But he had seen my name, and had attended the service for the reason that he had repeatedly worshipped in Lyndhurst Road Church. His object therefore was to get me to visit his State, the State of Baroda, and to address the College and

the English-speaking people of the city of Baroda.

When he made this proposal, at first I thought it would be quite impossible, as my programme was already much more than full. Yet as I stood looking at him I could not help realising what a marvel it was that here a Hindu gentleman presents himself who has been frequently in Lyndhurst Road Church, and now requires me to go and address his countrymen in a Native State! I therefore said to him: "Well, I must manage it somehow," and I entered a date two months ahead.

The visit was made not without some difficulty, for it involved starting from Delhi at about three o'clock in the morning and arriving at Baroda at eleven o'clock that night, and then starting again at eleven o'clock the following night for Bombay, where I was obliged to appear and to preach on the Sunday. I therefore was able to

spend in Baroda just twenty-four hours, from 11.15 p.m. on January 30th to 11.15 p.m. on January 31st. And yet this brief day passed in Baroda was so crowded with incident and with interest that it shines in my memory as on the whole the most interesting, and perhaps the most fruitful, day I spent in India.

When we arrived on that Friday night we were met at the station by Dewan Samath Bahadar, and by several friends, members of the Gaekwar's government. We were driven in a carriage of great state to the bungalow at which the Gaekwar's guests are entertained, and there we were for that night and the following day.

I ought to say concerning the Gaekwar that he is a man of remarkable character and unusual culture. He is like an Englishman with a dark skin. He has been in England. He has been, in fact, in almost every country in the world, has

travelled, has learnt to understand the secrets of national greatness and progress, and attempts in the most systematic way to bring to bear upon his own State of two millions of people all the ideas and the methods which have been discovered in these Western lands. Before referring to our interview with him I will mention something of what we saw in Baroda, the city, on the following morning.

In their generous hospitality they had provided three motor-cars to take Mr. Micklem (my fellow-traveller) and me over the city. I should say that Dr. Mackichan had come from Bombay to join us as the guest of the Gaekwar. We might, therefore, have used the three cars if we had chosen to distribute ourselves. But, as we elected to ride together, the one motor-car took us, and the other two looked on.

They took us first of all four miles to

the south of the city, to visit the Gaekwar's palace, Makowpura, a fine modern building, filled with pictures which he has gathered in different parts of Europe, and the grounds, beautifully laid out and adorned with statuary. I noticed, for instance, a very fine copy of the Farnese Bull from Italy. Thence we came back to the city and visited the Nazar-Bagh Palace, which contains the Gaekwar's jewellery and his treasures. There was one necklace of diamonds, which I should have taken to be worth 10s. 6d. at the most, which we were informed was valued at two hundred thousand pounds; and it was only one of many of the articles that have been worn by the ancestors of the Gaekwar and are worn still by him on state occasions. In a room of this treasure house there is a carpet made up entirely of precious stones, rubies, and the like.

But I need not detail these treasures

of the Gaekwar, because he has very generously lent to the Indian Museum in London a large number of things very similar to those that were in his own treasure house in Baroda; and amongst others I have seen since I came back there is a carpet of jewels exactly like the one in Baroda.

Just opposite this Nazar-Bagh Palace there is the Court House, which contains the celebrated gold and silver cannon. There were two cannon made by a former Gaekwar, of gold, solid gold, each weighing 280 pounds. One of the Gaekwars, I will not say which, found it convenient to melt down one of these guns to meet pressing emergencies! But the remaining gun is still there, and is drawn on state occasions by milk-white bullocks that are kept in the stables close by. There are also two silver guns, quite as large, though not quite so heavy.

When we had seen these treasures we

proceeded to the Dewan's house for luncheon, where the Gaekwar came to meet us. We had therefore a delightful opportunity of talking to him, and hearing his own views of his own State, and of our own country, and other things as well. Of course we were all longing to ask him why he turned his back upon the King at the Durbar; but the more we saw of the Gaekwar the more convinced we personally became that that was an accident which was certainly not intentional, and that the explanation would satisfy all parties concerned. Nothing could have been more interesting or more charming than the account that this native prince gave of his own ideals in governing his State; and he told us with great enthusiasm, though with great modesty, that he had actually instituted in the State of Baroda compulsory education for the whole population. It was his ideal, but he confessed that, of course, it had not been carried

out, and perhaps could not be for many years to come.

When we rose from luncheon we were taken into the large room of the house and seated on divans, and then the Dewan himself came in, his servants bringing behind him a series of the most exquisite garlands which were put first upon the neck of the Gaekwar, then upon my neck, then upon Dr. Mackichan's, then upon Mr. Micklem's; and there we sat garlanded! Then the Dewan brought in bouquets of beautiful flowers (all in bloom, though it was only January), and he sprinkled upon them a scent which brought out the odour of the flowers. So, with the garlands round our necks, and the bouquets in our hands, we were exceedingly beautiful to look at, and for my own part I felt almost embarrassed with my greatness sitting there crowned and chapleted by the side of a sovereign prince!

When we had finished our conversation,

and this ceremony of welcome was over, the Gaekwar left us until the evening, and we went off to see one other of the sights of Baroda, one which was to me perhaps the most interesting of all. The Gaekwar, like many other of the princes of India, is fond of keeping a large stable of elephants, and his elephants are remarkable, I imagine, for their size and other qualities. At any rate I felt after seeing those elephants of the Gaekwar that those in the Zoological Gardens have misled us. The Gaekwar keeps nineteen elephants in his stable, and we were allowed to pay a visit to each of them. The cost of upkeep for these great animals is almost incredible. It takes £10 a month to feed an elephant of very moderate appetite; and the elephants of this stable are by no means of moderate appetite. Nor are they always of good behaviour, for two of them were tightly bound by tremendous chains to the stable walls, because they were in a condition

of practical madness; to approach them was as much as a man's life was worth. To see this great monstrous creature bound in the stable and the coolies running in and out amongst his legs to make him "show his paces" to visitors, gave us an idea of what elephants are, or may be.

In the saddlery of the Gaekwar's elephant stable there are the trappings and the howdahs which the State has accumulated in the past to show off the dignity of the Gaekwar. One of the howdahs in that stable—a large structure about as big as a four-wheel cab, perhaps bigger—is made of solid gold, and an unfortunate elephant has to carry this solid gold howdah with people inside. The bells are made of gold, and many of the other howdahs were made of silver. The whole place, in fact, gave one just that sense of the barbaric wealth of India of which we read in stories. And when, after visiting the stables of the elephants, we went to the Lakshmi Villa

Palace, which the Gaekwar has reared within the last two years, I had a feeling that I had at last really seen the gorgeous East.

In the Club, which was crowded in the evening with all the educated people of the city, I had several most interesting conversations. There was one young man engaged in the Government service, a Cambridge graduate, and in our conversation (in India you get upon the religious question almost directly you begin) he told me that of course the best thing that could happen to India would be that it should be Christian. But he said that did not seem possible, and that intellectually the Indian mind was not satisfied by the Christian teaching, as it is by the doctrines of re-incarnation and Karma, and the merging of personality in the Infinite. Yet what struck me strongly with this highly cultivated young Cambridge Hindu was that there was no doubt in his mind that if the

Indian *would* be a Christian it would be really better for India. And shortly afterwards I came into touch, in this same Club, with a judge who had just come there for the evening after his work in the Courts; I was told that of all people he was an orthodox Hindu, the pink of Hindu orthodoxy. I said to him: "It is extremely interesting to me to meet an orthodox Hindu. Would you mind telling me what Hindu orthodoxy consists in?" And he said, very kindly and sympathetically:

"It consists in the teaching of the ancient Vedas."

"What particularly?" I asked.

"That God is Love, that there is One God, and that we should love one another."

It was so startling as a description of Hinduism that I was bewildered. But Dr. Mackichan, who was sitting near, came to my rescue, and, speaking to the judge very politely, said: "But might I

ask you whether, when you speak of God, you mean that He is *personal?*"

"No, of course no," replied the judge.

"God in fact is everything?"

"Yes."

"Then you are God?"

"Yes."

There the conversation ended.

That is to say that Hindu orthodoxy to-day borrows the very phrases of Christianity; and what could be a surer tribute to the truth of Christianity than that no Hindu, I believe, to-day would ever dream of giving the real doctrines of Hinduism as the essential thing. The thoughtful Hindu gives the essential thing in the very terms that have been gathered from Christian teaching—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Men, the *Unity* of God, and love to one another as the best fruit of religion. These are said to be the doctrines of Hinduism, and when I speak of the conversion of Indian thought

to Christianity, that is the kind of thing I have in mind; that the case has been brought to such a point that the educated and thoughtful Hindu tries to persuade himself that his Hindu religion is identical fundamentally with Christianity. Of course he would say—in fact this very gentleman said—that idolatry and the worship of many gods was simply a concession to the ignorant and the stupid. These endless deities and temples are permitted by enlightened Hinduism because it is supposed that common people cannot rise to the height of such a conception of God as the thoughtful Hindu entertains. But that defence of idolatry and of temple worship is again, if you come to think of it, a most extraordinary concession to the Christian teaching, because it never occurred to anyone until Christianity was preached in India that it was *necessary* to apologise for the temples or for the idols!

The Dewan had asked me to go and lecture to the students at the College, and had told me that I was to speak to them very much as I had been preaching to that congregation in the Presbyterian church in Bombay. I therefore understood that, however direct my speech or preaching might be, it would be accepted courteously and with sympathy. The College is a prosperous and very efficient one, and in its hall that night were collected the English-speaking men of the city of Baroda. I do not know whether some were present who did not understand English, but it was quite obvious that at least ninety-nine-hundredths of them did. The Gaekwar himself came and sat in a state chair in the very front of the platform, and at his side were his Prime Minister and other Ministers of his Court. Just behind him were the leading pleaders, barristers, lawyers of the city, and other educated men, a certain number of edu-

cated women who understood English, then the general citizens, and behind, in thronging masses, the students of the College, most of them young men, some of them older, accompanied by their Professors. It was a most interesting spectacle, and an extraordinary situation, to be standing there in a Native State of India, by the invitation of the Government itself, to speak about Christianity to this crowd of English-speaking Indians. Dr. Mackichan took the chair, and as he is known in the State he was able to introduce me and to make my task much easier.

But I need not have been at all anxious. Directly I began to speak I felt that everyone in that hall was there in a spirit of courteous sympathy. So complete was the *sympathy* that I should have been ashamed to say anything which might have hurt the feelings of anyone present.

But there could be no doubt about my

subject. My subject was "Christian Salvation," and I led up to the text that "There is none other Name given under heaven whereby man can be saved but the Name of Jesus." They allowed me to point out clearly and definitely why it is true to say that "There is none other Name given under heaven whereby men may be saved," because there is no other religion given under heaven which has the conception of salvation that Christ gives. They caught the point, and were patient with me as I explained to them what salvation means, and why there can be salvation in no other way than by *this* way, the way of Jesus.

When I had finished and descended from the platform, the Gaekwar himself was the first to come and shake me by the hand, and to thank me for what I had said. "I agree with what you have said to us to-day," was his remark. He is not only a Hindu, but he is so com-

mitted to Hinduism that if he surrendered the Hindu faith he would have to abdicate the throne of Baroda. And the people listening to me were so completely Hindu or Mohammedan that it is almost inconceivable to think at present that they should break their caste and throw off the traditions and practices of the past and announce themselves as Christians. And yet, if I am not mistaken, the prevailing sentiment in that great audience of Indians was that they understood, they desired, they would like to receive, the salvation of Jesus Christ.

After the meeting we had one other very interesting little event. At the invitation of Professor Gafar, the Professor of Chemistry at the College, we attended a specially improvised concert. When we arrived already the room was thronged with people. On the floor there was a little erection of candles and incense burning to Krishna; behind, there was a

Brahmin who had come to recite from the "Ramâyana," the great epic poem of India. He was reciting when we came in, with immense and strident vehemence, and went on for, I suppose, about an hour. Behind him there was a little chorus of men who chimed in, or put questions in the dialogue, and so elicited the answers and made a sort of drama of the recitation. Still farther behind there was a band of stringed instruments and drums; some instruments I knew, but most were quite new to me. One particularly interested me. A man spread out on the floor—of course they were all sitting on the floor—twelve china cups, and then he carefully put water in each of them up to a certain point, and he struck the cups with reeds and elicited notes. His cups, like the peal of bells of a handbell ringer, was his instrument in the orchestra; though as far as I could hear, the striking of the cup elicited just

the same note that breaking crockery usually produces, so that the musical effect was, like the recitation itself, more impressive for its noise than for its harmony.

But this most interesting recitation, so characteristic of India, and giving us such an intimate flavour of the Indian life, was more charming to me than all the magnificence of Bombay.

Before that evening closed, again I was touched to the quick by the exquisite hospitality. A dear little girl of ten who had previously sung at a small organ came, accompanied by another little girl, not much older, who was the bride elect of the Professor's son, stood directly in front of me and sang a song which was interpreted to me by my neighbour. It was a song of welcome to the city and to the house. They were so absolutely delightful and sweet that I wanted to clasp the children in my arms.

And then, of course, fresh garlands were brought and put upon our necks, and fresh flowers were offered, and we had to depart, covered with chaplets, our hands filled with flowers, to the station, to take the train for Bombay. The Dewan himself came to see us off. He took my hand—he held it in both of his—and said, "You have done a great thing for us in Baroda to-day. I thank you from my heart."

The Dewan has held in Baroda for a long time past, every Sunday, what he calls a Sunday service. It is a meeting of men who read, talk, I imagine pray, and think together upon religious subjects. Just before I was there he had been to the Bible Society in Bombay to ask for a grant of Bibles for this Sunday meeting of his, that they might habitually study the Bible in their meeting.

This brief account of one day passed in an Indian native State will help to

explain my conviction that the labours of our missionaries in India are not thrown away. We are doing work there which penetrates silently and helpfully far beyond the limits which define missionary efforts. There is one missionary society in Baroda of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there are Roman Catholics, and there is even an English church in the city of Baroda for any English residents. But that does not represent in the least what is going on in a State like Baroda. Through the thought life and the moral life of those people, from the Gaekwar downward, there is working a wonderful transforming leaven. It is the leaven of that Gospel which has been the making of our country, and is yet to be the making of India. Often it struck me in India that the only weak point of the situation is that English Christians, when they go into a foreign country, are so curiously reticent and even ashamed, as it would

seem, of the faith they hold. I am persuaded that if the Christian people in India, in the Government and in business, would frankly and fully avow their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, would show it, and act upon it, the great obstacle would be removed, and we should see India coming to Christ, not by individuals here and there, or the mass movements of the outcasts, but by whole states and cities. Christ is really laying His hand upon India in the most remarkable way, and I imagine His chief difficulty is that His people, the men and women sent out from Christian countries, are so afraid to show their colours, so unable, as it seems, to declare the truth that is in them, that India, with its deep religious nature, and its fearless assertion of whatever religious faith it holds, however absurd it may be, is literally baffled. Yet India knows that, working through these very English people, there is a mighty spirit, a

spirit of Truth and Justice, and even of Love; and India knows that what it wants beyond everything else is that religion and that power which have been the making of our own country.

CHAPTER XI

AGRA

In the days of Queen Elizabeth and the first two Stuart kings, the Moghul Empire in the North of India was at its height. Humayun, whose vast mausoleum still stands a few miles south of Delhi, was followed by Akbar, who has left among Mohammedan sovereigns the unique reputation of a liberalism which would allow, if not invite, all the conflicting religions of men. He outlived Queen Elizabeth by two years. His successor was Jahangir; and then, contemporaneous with the early and more prosperous years of Charles I., came Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj Mahal. He was deposed by his son Aurungzeb, who trampled on the religious feeling of his Hindu subjects at Benares

by building his great masjid cheek by jowl with the great Hindu temple. The two houses of prayer are intermixed, and the furious conflicts on festival days, which still engage the rival religions, recall effectively, though not agreeably, the usurping son of Shah Jehan.

But those Moghul emperors, whatever may have been their personal virtues or vices, have left behind monuments which are still the architectural glories of India. If we compare them with the work of the Tudors and Stuarts in England—Christ Church, Oxford, Hampton Court, Whitehall, Windsor Castle, or even St. Paul's, we are reminded that this Empire in Northern India was, in the sixteenth century, as advanced in the arts, and as rich in human thoughts and aspirations, as that Western Kingdom which in the nineteenth century was, almost undesignedly, to assume the suzerainty of India.

Evidently Akbar and Shah Jehan drew around them architects from the West. The hand of the Italians is to be traced. But these monuments of Moslem art are not imitations of work in Europe or Cairo; they are distinctively Indian. If European or Saracenic or Byzantine models were laid under contribution, the result was as genuinely indigenous as art can ever be.

Twenty miles west of Agra stands Akbar's deserted city, Fattehpur-Sikri. He built this noble group of courts, palaces, and mosques, that it might be the capital of his empire, and then the discovery was made that the water was unwholesome or insufficient. The emperor built a new city which, as the Fort of Agra, is still intact. But that deserted city, built and hardly occupied, remains as the unchanging memorial of a remarkable ruler. You pass under the gateway, with its music-chamber from which the musicians greeted the

monarch's approach ; you wander through the great audience-courts, the Dewan-i-Am and the Dewan-i-Khas, the judgment-hall, in which a richly-sculptured central column supports the galleries which radiate from it and surround the chamber, the exquisitely sculptured rooms of houses which were occupied by the Emperor's wife, Miriam, supposed to have been a Christian —some faded frescoes are identified as pictures of the Virgin and saints—or by the emperor's viziers ; one palace, the Panch-Mahal, rises on five terraces, narrowing as they ascend, supported by slender columns ; all the buildings are of a rich, red stone, that glows warm in the Indian sun.

Then there is a vast quadrangle, as noble in its way as the Mercury Quad. at Christ Church. At the centre is the white marble tomb of the Moslem saint whose sanctity determined the site of the city. A vast masjid (mosque) and palaces line

the court; and to the south opens up a magnificent gateway, which, seen from the foot of the steps outside, rises to a height of nearly 200 feet.

There is no inhabitant; strictly speaking, there is no history; it is only a capital city built and left; but it is a striking tribute to the taste and the imperial thought of its founder. I was carried back to Agra, as the night fell, in a motor-car which startled and flew past the shuffling bullocks in the bandies, and the occasional ekka-gharries with their five human forms huddled in the place intended for one. That faded Moghul Empire possessed my mind. Why did it fall? Why should England, of all countries, govern where Akbar exercised his wise and tolerant sway? Why do great empires pass, leaving noble ruins which suggest that we are less, and not greater, than those who went before us?

The fort at Agra is Akbar's second

city. Its great walls and gateways stand intact, though the multitudinous buildings within its circuit are of different dates, and the most exquisite of them all, the Pearl Mosque, was the work of Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj. But in this second city Akbar made a magnificent Dewan-i-Am, a long portico supported by columns, in the midst of which is his throne of judgment. Just opposite that beautiful throne is the tomb of a British officer who fell in the Mutiny; there, as everywhere in India, the ancient royalties and pieties are side by side with the government and the religion that have come from the Western world, to pervade the peninsula. The Dewan-i-Khas, also, elevated to the level of the walls, is second in beauty only to that consummate court of audience in the fort at Delhi, on which is the inscription:

"If there is Paradise on earth it is here, it is here, it is here."

The marble columns are richly inlaid. On the open platform, from which is a prospect over the Jumna, is an ancient stone on which the Emperor sat in judgment.

Farther along the wall are the open loggias which make the fort picturesque from without. On a terrace in one of these graceful buildings, a balcony of which commands a full view of the Taj, Shah Jehan was laid, to die with his eyes turning to the glorious tomb of his beloved wife. He left in the fort the marks of his genius for architecture; for the Pearl Mosque, the Moti Masjid, is one of the few buildings in the world—like the façade of the Duomo at Pisa, Giotto's tower at Florence, the baptistry at Ravenna—which bring the heart into the mouth, and moisture to the eyes, with a sudden revelation of beauty. The courtyard, the enclosing walls, and the columned mosque itself with its roof of cupolas at regular intervals, is all of pure white marble, golden

with the tinge of years. The Mosque is a long open portico, presenting lovely vistas between the pillars, especially when viewed from the side. No building ever reared for worship seems better to express the idea of the one, pure, holy Being to whom humanity offers its adoration. Not only by comparison with the Hindu temples and their revolting images, but even by comparison with the purest work of Christian architecture, this Mosque is singularly satisfying—

"Even thus, methinks, a *temple* built should be."

In the Fort at Agra, beside these Moslem monuments, there is an interesting Palace, of pure Indian design and workmanship, with carved corbels representing elephants' heads and other designs, rich and effective enough, but in marked contrast with the singular simplicity and clarity which, in its noblest periods, the faith of Islam, the intense and overwhelm-

ing conviction that God is One and God cannot be represented by any likeness of anything in heaven or in earth, inspired even in the use of stone or marble for palaces and mosques.

From Akbar's second city we go naturally to visit Sikundrah, his tomb. It lies in the plain, five miles from Agra. We pass through the dilapidated and scattered buildings of the present city, and get out on a broad road which is, like the Via Appia at Rome, a street of tombs. There is one of Akbar's gigantic milestones; and at last we reach the fine gateway of his mausoleum. It is built of red stone and is not unlike the keep of a mediæval castle. Through the gateway the tomb faces you at a distance of two or three hundred yards. It is a palace rather than a tomb. Its first suggestion is: He cannot be dead whose body is resting here. It is four storeys high. Three are of red stone, like the gateway; but the topmost storey is of

white marble. The body of the great Emperor is in a subterranean vault. But on that top platform, under the open sky, is the simple marble cenotaph, covered with the ninety-nine names of God. The platform is surrounded by a trellis-work of perforated marble, like lace to look at, but enduring without injury the passage of the centuries. At the corners of this open chamber rise four white marble cupolas. From the elevation you look over the level, unending Indian plain, featureless, as if time had obliterated dynasties and dates, and had left undecayed only the memorials of the few great men whom the earth bears. The mausoleum is imposing and grand rather than beautiful, but it rises out of the midst of the arid desolations, as a strong, wise soul emerges from the dust of history.

There is another beautiful tomb in Agra, standing in a fair garden, with the cenotaph, and the marble trellis-work, show-

ing that these great memorials of the dead were not uncommon in the zenith of the Moghul greatness.

But the supreme tomb in Agra, and the loveliest building in India, perhaps in the world, is the Taj Mahal. It was begun in 1630 by Shah Jehan, to express the love and longing in his heart for Arjmand Banu, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, i.e. "Chosen of the Palace," who had been his wife for fifteen years, had borne him seven children, and died in giving birth to the last. No one can ever tell why the love of this Indian prince blossomed in this unique way. Others have loved as tenderly, and lost as despairingly, without having the means of declaring to the world the passion of the heart. But this Moghul emperor had the wealth of great provinces at his disposal, and what is far more difficult to obtain, a school of architects and builders who could work in stone and marble, and inlaying and carving,

as effectively as any that had ever arisen in the East or in the West. Just as many have loved a woman with the devotion that Dante felt for Beatrice, but only Dante could write the "Vita Nuova," so it was given to this one man, not otherwise very admirable or noteworthy, to raise the consummate memorial to a woman's love or attractions, to write an "In Memoriam" in marble, which bids fair to outlast the strongholds of conquerors, and the shrines which piety raises to God.

Many have tried to convey in words the impression made by this monument of love and art. Norman McLeod's paper in *Good Words* of May 1, 1870, is the most successful attempt that I have seen. Before quoting a few words from that paper it is of some interest to mention that the evolution of the idea of the Taj can be traced in the buildings of Delhi and Agra. The tomb of Humayun at Delhi is like the first rough sketch of such a tomb, all red stone, large,

straggling, massive, but commonplace. The next step is seen in Akbar's tomb at Sikundrah. That is a more compact form; it seems to blossom in marble on that top storey; the cupolas suggest a more graceful and organic form for the building. But in the Taj these suggestions leap to perfection. The red stone is relegated to the great gateway, and to the two buildings, one a mosque and the other a palace, which flank the Taj, and from across the Jumna seem to form its setting, the opening leaves out of which the flower springs; but the tomb itself is white marble. It is one of those cupolas, borrowed from Sikundrah, enlarged to a vast height, and set on a lofty platform, with marble minarets at the four corners.

How this perfection was reached remains a mystery; but it is a singular piece of good fortune that we have before our eyes the evidence that this, like every supreme work of art, is only the consum-

mate flower which crowns obscure labours, travails, failures and partial successes. At last the end is reached, and the mind exclaims, "Perfection, nothing less!" Then with delight you see by what slow degrees, by more and more, by pruning, concentrating, by the labour of hand and tool, by imagination subservient to thought, the poem is reached, whether in words, or pigments or stone. But now let Norman McLeod be our guide for a moment:

"From the arch in the gateway the eye follows a long, broad marble canal, often full of crystal water, at the extreme end of which rises the platform on which the Taj is built. Each side of the white marble canal is bordered by tall, dark cypress trees, and on feast days about eighty fountains, twenty-two being in the centre, fling their cooling spray along its whole length, while trees of every shade, and plants of sweetest odour, fill the rest of the garden. The buildings which make up the Taj are all erected upon a platform about twenty feet high and occupying a space of about three hundred and fifty feet square. These buildings consist of the tomb

itself, which is an octagon surmounted by an egg-shaped dome of about seventy feet in circumference; and of four minarets about a hundred and fifty feet high, which shoot up like columns of light into the blue sky. One feature peculiar to itself is its perfect purity; for all portions of the Taj, the great platform, the sky-piercing minarets, the building proper, are of pure white marble. The only exception—but what an exception!—is the beautiful ornamented work of an exquisite flower pattern, which wreathes the doors and wanders towards the dome, one huge mosaic of inlaid stones of different colours. Imagine, if you can, such a building as this—

> 'White as the snows of Apennine
> Indurated by frost'

—rising amidst the trees of an eastern garden rich in colour, fruit and flower, and standing against a sky of ethereal blue, with nothing to break its repose save the gleaming wings of flocks of paroquets adding to the glory of colour; and all seen in perfect silence, with no painful associations to disturb the mind, or throw it out of harmony with the pleasing memories of a wife and mother buried here by a husband, who loved her for fifteen years of married life, and who lies beside her!

"We walk up from the great portal along the central marble canal, ascend the platform by twenty steps and crossing the marble pavement, enter the Taj with a feeling of awe and reverence."

The doorway is panelled with slabs of marble richly carved with flowers, irises and the like, forming a dado, on which the eye rests in entering. So subtle and sweet is the carving of the flowers, that all the suggestions of grace, and perfume, and colour that flowers convey, are carried into the mind—the suggestions also of their fragility, and of the brevity of their beauty. We think of Persephone gathering lilies on the banks of Sicilian streams, caught by the dark god of the underworld and ravished away from the light.

"Our admiration is increased as we examine the details of the wondrous interior. The light admitted by the doors does not dispel but only subdues the gloom within. We stand before such a screen as we have never seen equalled."

Divided into several compartments and

panels this trellis-work of perforated marble, with its rich cornice and archways, surrounds the cenotaphs of the loved wife, and of her lord—the latter raised above hers, as befits the man, according to Eastern ideas. It is all of pure white marble, so treated as to look like a high fence of fine lacework; but it is far more beautiful, for the panels, vertical and horizontal, are inwrought with flowers made of lapis lazuli, jasper, chalcedony, and other stones such as become the celestial city.

The dome is a great musical bell; when a note is sounded it vibrates, and echoes, and slowly dies away like the strain of an Æolian harp; even a harsh sound becomes mellow. It is as if some music of past love and joy sighed faint and tender now from behind the hills of death.

The ninety-nine names of God from the Koran are carved upon the tomb, but there is the hundredth—Love—left out.

And yet this white passion of sorrow, this perfection of form and colour and sound wrought to express the love for one dear woman, seems to breathe that hundredth name.

Twenty-two years this vast gem was in the building, and it cost a king's ransom. In the mosque which flanks it to the left, as you approach, is a polished marble stone, where Shah Jehan prayed, and the reflection of the finial of the Taj is seen in it; but the whole building is Shah Jehan's prayer, the most expressive work of the human heart, to show how the longing for one dearly loved, and lost, strives upward into a faith in immortality. There are texts from the Koran carved in the marble, enriching the ornamentation. I could not read them. But the building speaks the religion of the human heart. Its beauty says in every line:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Its soaring dome and minarets express a faith—not merely the despairing faith: How can I love so much and lose, and be laid unconscious at last in a sleep that knows no waking, beside the one I love? but the triumphant faith: Such love plucks life from death, and builds out of the embers of earthly life a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Here the white radiance of eternity has invaded and pervaded the place of death; here love asserts itself as life, and not only life which perishes, but life which lasts for evermore.

But it is in the moonlight that the unearthly beauty of this building is revealed. One night the moon was nearly at the full. I drove out with Canon Durrant (now the Bishop of Lahore) through the native Bazar, three miles along the level road, and at last we drew up at the great entrance gateway, which looked sombre in the night, like the door of the tomb.

We entered, and there before us, reflected in the long marble-lined conduit, was the Taj. Between the solemn cypresses it rose, white and ghostly. When we stood on the platform, and the moonlight fell full upon the octagonal walls and the dome above, the effect was that of a snow summit in Switzerland. But the surface scintillated with points of light, and glowed as if a transparency admitted the radiance from within. The purity, dazzling by day, by night was doubly pure.

The light lay on the dusky garden, on the red sandstone buildings, as if it were hushing everything to rest; but it seemed to concentrate itself on the white building —to draw it out, to invest it, and to transfigure it with a whiteness such as no fuller on earth can give. Awed by the ravishing beauty of it all, we reluctantly withdrew and returned to the gateway.

Looking back, I had one last glimpse of

the dome, and it seemed like Arjmand Banu's white soul, pure and visionary.

It is a sorrow that, as the story goes, Shah Jehan was not ennobled by his love or by his loss. He tried to solace himself with lower loves, and left behind him no noble memories except this one, the building of this peerless memorial to the one whom he had loved.

In Agra Mohammedanism appears at its height. Nothing in Cairo or Constantinople, and, by report, nothing in Mecca and Medina, leaves such an impression of a pure religion and a noble humanity, as these monuments of the Moghul emperors. But we are not permitted to think that this Faith has the power to transform the world, or permanently to lift the human race to any high level, or consistently to carry it along the lines of progress.

Its greatest achievement is a beautiful Tomb, and the hope of a Resurrection at the long last.

Those dark places in the Agra Fort, where men and women were strangled or buried alive, and the melancholy decline of Shah Jehan after his great loss, are a reminder that Islam does not soften the heart or transform the character.

In Agra a noble work is being done by the Church Missionary Society. Bishop Durrant has made St. John's College a great institution for giving a Christian education to Hindu and Moslem alike. Through the generosity of the staff, and of others from outside, a noble pile of buildings is rising which endeavours to reproduce some of the architectural beauties of Fattehpur-Sikri. I met there a Brahmin who is just about to be ordained, and it was a joy to find how profoundly he had realised the Christian verities. He found his delight in the transformation of the boys under Christian influence, their truthfulness and sense of honour.

The vast mass of visitors to Agra find

all their account in the monuments of a Moslem dynasty which has passed away. But if the visitor and the tourist would take a little pains to look beneath the surface, and to realise what Christian missions are doing for India they would find a more lasting source of interest.

Nowhere more than in the city of the Taj, India's most beautiful building, is the Christian Church demonstrating itself to be the real hope of India. Each Indian Christian becomes a centre of regenerating power. The humblest believer in Christ is linked on to the force that can save countries and nations. This recognition of Christ's saving work does not lessen our appreciation of the beautiful elements in the other faiths which have wrought for the welfare and happiness of mankind. You do not love and admire the Taj less because your faith is centred in another Tomb, not beautiful, a mere chamber hewn in the rock, but having this transforming

quality in human life, that its Occupant, who had been dead, broke the bonds of death, and issued, alive for evermore, to open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

The Gospel of the Resurrection is the only truth that can purge the sins and assuage the sorrows of the human heart, and for that reason we turn with sympathy and admiration to all who have truly loved and sorrowed and mourned, in passionate hope of eternal life.

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS

I HAVE given in the preceding chapters glimpses of what I saw in the various places touched on in my three months' tour. Perhaps it will be well, even at the cost of a little repetition, to review what has been said, and give the reader in broad outline impressions that are most clearly left on the mind.

These may be thus summed up:

1. The efficiency, the value, the beneficence, of the British Raj.

2. The extent, diversity, and effect of missionary enterprise.

3. The subtle charm of the Indian peoples.

4. The gangrene of Indian life.

5. The hopefulness of the task which lies before us in the country.

The reader may object that my impressions are determined by the impression with which I started, that I saw what I wanted to see; that, in a word, it is only the wealth I took that I have brought back. But I assure him that on each of these points I found what I did not expect, and on three points at least, viz. 1, 3 and 5, I had to alter, and almost to reverse, the view with which I started on my travels.

1. *The efficiency, the value, the beneficence of the British Raj.*

This was undoubtedly the point on which my view underwent the most complete revolution. I had read so much against our government of India, the selfishness, the scorn, the blindness of the rulers, the oppression and extortion of the rule, that I was totally unprepared for the facts which continued to confront

me from the first to my last day in India.

The hand of the Government in India is singularly light, but absolutely ubiquitous. It has drawn the scattered provinces and states into a unity which is more real and harmonious than the unity of the British Isles. There is no Ulster in India. There is not even an Ireland in India. Everywhere the railways and the post, the judicial and military machinery, and the English language, are constantly operating to make the Indian Empire one. A letter goes for a halfpenny from Peshawar to Colombo, or from Kurachi to Rangoon. The railways are so cheap and so efficient that the people are always travelling. The third-class carriages are crammed with their picturesque occupants, or the travellers camping out on the platforms and in the purlieus of the stations, with bedding, cooking utensils, and hookahs, represent the circulation of the

blood in this great political organism. The races, castes, and religions are blending. When you can travel a hundred miles for 1s. 4d., even the vast distances and comparative slowness of the trains cannot prevent the mingling and the fusion which make an effective nation.

All over this great area there is an efficient administration. In each district the commissioner, the collector, the civil surgeon, look after the order, the health, the well-being of the community. In the six hundred Native States, residents representing the Government exercise a wise and unostentatious supervision over the Nizam, Gaekwar, Maharajah, or Nawab. Justice is so even and so available that the people are encouraged to indulge in law suits as a pastime. And the army of vakils (pleaders) in every city is a witness to the passion of the people for the law. There is an extraordinary confidence in the impartiality of the judge.

Happily judges, even of the High Courts, are often Indians. But it will not be disputed that the standards of probity and incorruptibility have been set by the British commissioners and judges. And if the British Raj were removed few can be sanguine enough to believe that this greatest national boon, the equal administration of law, could be maintained. If the police is not as effective as the judiciary, it is only because there is not yet in the Indian population a large enough number of men who are superior to bribery to man the force. That weakness dogs, as we shall see, Indian administration and Indian life everywhere. But the British Government sets an example, unique in the East, of the honest attempt to deal fairly with all classes and all interests.

But the Government is not content with such services as governments in the West usually render. It assumes a more paternal character. It seems to realise the

peculiar helplessness of the vast masses of people, illiterate, steeped in prejudice and superstition, and unable to secure their own interests by the primitive machinery of the village community. The Government of India sets about the task of maintaining the health and saving the lives of people who are indifferent to life and absolutely ignorant of the conditions of health. In the West the Government contents itself with providing facilities for its citizens, so far as they demand them; but the British administration in India is far more positive and aggressive. The Indian Medical Service is a highly developed department of the state, with a singularly capable and broad-minded doctor, Sir Pardy Lukis, at the head of it. The whole country is mapped out into districts. The civil surgeon is placed in the district by the Government, and though it is not possible to reach all the millions of the villages, medical help is put within

reach, and, what is better, the Indian Medical Service is constantly in consultation to fight the diseases of India—small-pox, cholera, malarial fever, tuberculosis, and the bubonic plague, which is still endemic in many parts of the peninsula. With extraordinary patience and beneficence these medical officers seek to overcome prejudice, and to induce the people to be saved from disease. Suspicions, especially the wild rumour that the Government promotes the diseases which it is combating in order to reduce population, have to be allayed. It is a slow process to win the confidence of the people. And unfortunately the difficulty is increased by the corruption of the subordinates who must be employed in the service. These underlings cannot resist exacting blackmail from patients in Government hospitals and dispensaries; and this brings the well-meant efforts of the doctors themselves into discredit.

That is the gangrene of Indian life, of which I shall speak presently; the hungry hope of baksheesh is the disease of the people. The foundations of probity and incorruptibility in the public service are being slowly but surely laid; but the task is unexpectedly difficult, as we shall see.

In more than one place, as, for instance, at Patna, the Government is trying to help the cultivators, who form the vast majority of the Indian population, by exhibiting and teaching improved methods of agriculture. The conservative instincts that have to be overcome are enormous. The uncertainty of the rains makes famine always within the bounds of possibility. But with amazing patience, by irrigation, by education, and by all other means at its disposal, the Government is trying to raise the mass of people above the line of starvation. The only taxes paid by the ryots are the rent of the land and the salt

tax. The narrowness of the margin in the household budget betrays the people into debt. And the Government's new scheme of agricultural banks is designed to rescue the debtors from the pitiless hands of native usurers.

The education of so vast a population might seem to be beyond the powers of any government. But schools and colleges for both sexes are being rapidly multiplied. Mr. Ghokale, the most enlightened member of the Legislative Council that India has yet developed, advocates universal, compulsory education. But that great goal cannot be reached at a bound. Meanwhile in Baroda, the Gaekwar, a most enlightened and progressive ruler, has set the Government an example by establishing compulsory education in his own State, containing a population of 2,000,000. But it is easier to do this on paper than in fact. Teachers are wanting, and the popular demand for education is so faint that the

vis inertiæ may paralyse the wisest efforts of governors.

Speaking of Baroda, the Native State which exhibits the most amazing signs of activity and progress, one might imagine that the people would prefer their native governments to the direct administration of the Indian Government. But so far as information can be obtained, this does not seem to be the case. In well-governed States, like Baroda or Mysore, the people are contented, but it is said that the corruption of officials is so much worse than under the direct British rule, that the people would sacrifice their patriotism to secure exemption from exaction and peculation. But that is not quite the right way of putting it; rather, an Indian patriotism is growing up; the people begin to take a pride in the country as a whole, just as at home national prevails over county patriotism. They dimly perceive the advantages of the British Raj,

which theoretically they might oppose; the justice, the security of life and property, the health, the education, which are the gift of their rulers, conciliate their minds if not their affections. It is probable that the Native States, apart from their governors, are more disposed to be merged in the general administration of India than India is disposed to shake off the British rule. There are malcontents, no doubt, but India as a whole is not malcontent.

And, indeed, India is on the whole grateful. The coppersmith caste in Almora, which had a sort of night school for mutual improvement, with its first object to realise the great benefits which come to India through the British rule, offers only an example of a widespread feeling. The popularity of the King and Queen, since their visit, is amazing. Their portraits are everywhere, even in the idol shops; and their names are always received with genuine enthusiasm.

I am convinced that the I.C.S. has established a tradition of sound, disinterested, and beneficent administration. Of it, as of Henry Lawrence, if its epitaph came to be written, it might be said, "It tried to do its duty." There are inevitably in so large a body of men some who are inferior, with bad tempers, low motives, and defective sympathies; but even these are dominated by the spirit of the whole administration. Just as in bad governments the good individual is frustrated by the bad spirit, so in the Indian Government the bad individual is dominated by the good spirit.

It is a spectacle which may well occasion amazement and fill Englishmen with a certain pride in the country and their race—this large body of men in the civil and the military service of India, doggedly governing India for its good, reticent, proudly reticent, in face of criticism and calumny, content to do the day's work

without immediate recognition, not defending or excusing themselves, but simply plodding on until they retire and leave their work to similar successors. The prominent names, Lawrence, Dalhousie, Ripon, Curzon, attract the attention of the public at home. But the great work is done by a crowd of men whose names are never heard; they leave England and live in the cruel climate of India all through the active years of their lives; they part from children and wives and undergo many of the hardships of missionaries; and, indeed, they are missionaries; they are conveying to India the fruits of Western enterprise and progress, sharing with that dim Eastern population the light, the law, the opportunities, the privileges of the West.

Our mission in India is largely accomplished by the Government of India, efficient, merciful, and essentially Christian. Nor do I think that India would resent it

if the governors, local and Imperial, were more frank in declaring their own Christianity. In their fear of seeming partial to Christians they err on the other side, and give to the native Christian Church a feeling that it is excluded from the consideration of Government.

The administration is so essentially Christian, so much the product of Christian ideas and methods, that I think the administrators might, without offence, be Christians too, and fearlessly show it.

2. *The extent, diversity, and effect of missionary enterprise in India.*

It is most impressive to travel from end to end, and from side to side, of the country, and to find everywhere the stations and outposts of the missionary army. There are 5,200 Protestant missionaries in the country; the Roman Catholic force is larger still. Christianity is in India calmly, persistently expecting the conversion of the whole population to the Faith which,

coming from the East, has been the making of the West.

Before my visit I had no idea of the way in which this missionary force occupies India. An unusual opportunity occurred to me for reviewing it, for estimating its character, its projects, its achievements, as well as its hopes. Dr. Mott was travelling from south to north, from east to west, in pursuance of the policy of the continuation committee of the 1910 Edinburgh Missionary Conference. In six provincial centres he was able to convene the representatives of all the missionary societies at work on the field, and in a three days' conference to review what was being done and what ought to be done.

At the end of December the elected delegates of the six conferences met at Calcutta, and these fifty-five representatives of the missionary forces in India reached certain conclusions, and formu-

lated plans for the unification and efficiency of the work in the future. I was able to be present at four of these memorable conferences. I think therefore that I have, as it were, *seen* the missionary army in India more thoroughly than the ordinary traveller in a cold season can hope to do. I have also visited sixteen or seventeen centres, and seen the work, at close quarters, of most of the societies. This has enabled me to test practically what was said in the conferences. My impression is that the whole force of 5,000 missionaries is seeking more and more to act as one, to adopt a policy of mutual support, to avoid friction, and to manifest the unity which our Lord desired as the mark of His disciples.

In all the Churches and societies the methods, the difficulties, the encouragements, the hopes, are practically the same. Everywhere evangelisation is carried on in the villages and in the bazaars of the

cities. But everywhere the main strength is thrown into more concentrative work, educational and medical. Elementary schools for girls and boys, high schools for girls, schools and colleges for boys and young men, are the order of the day. In cases where there are only Government schools and colleges the Christian work is done in hostels, where the students live. In this way a great amount of Christian instruction is blended with the Western education which India is receiving. The definite results in the way of actual conversions are surprisingly small, and we at home are apt to be discouraged. But the missionary workers are not discouraged; they are aware that the results, which cannot be tabulated, are far-reaching; they are conscious of a transformation which is taking place in Indian life, and they know that their long, patient educational work is the main cause of this transformation. The students from missionary

schools and colleges, even though they are not converted, are revolutionising Indian ideas and practices; as a result Hinduism and Mohammedanism are undergoing a subtle but very obvious conversion.

The same result follows from the medical work. The Christian care bestowed on lepers, the blind, the deaf and dumb, is an amazing object-lesson. Hinduism regards these sufferers as banned by the gods; it is forced now to see a God who gathers them in, loves and saves, if He does not heal them. I have seen the patients assembled in the waiting-room of the hospital, a forlorn and suffering company, drinking in the story of the Divine Love, which, seeking their souls, desires also to benefit their bodies. It is true that many patients who hear the Gospel in the hospitals become Christians—it is a direct converting agency—but the hospitals are converting the very thought of

India. Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, are now eager to found hospitals. The Healer has won these other sheep to adopt for the first time His methods.

But the educational and medical work is not all. In every part of India there are mass movements among the 60,000,000 of outcastes. The pariahs and pulyjar of Travancore, the Telegus, the tribes of Assam and of the North-West, grasping the thought that Christianity cares for them, while Hinduism has despised them, are eager to embrace Christianity with an almost embarrassing eagerness.

There are some who think that the missionary forces should be mobilised to deal with these mass movements, and to gather in effectively those who are for the moment eager to enter the fold. It might be worth while for a few years to leave the barren fields in order to reap the fields that are white to harvest, and afterwards to return to the barren fields, with the

sheaves, and perhaps fresh reapers, won in the ingathering.

But whether this policy be adopted or not, let the Church at home realise what her missionaries are actually accomplishing in India. Conversions are few. Hinduism and Mohammedanism stand with their walls unbreached and impregnable. They are strong to prevent conversions. Though under the British rule they cannot make away with the missionaries, they can, and sometimes do, make away with the converts. A convert from Hinduism is sure to be outcasted, and quite likely to be poisoned. The Mohammedans stop at nothing in visiting with vengeance a deserter from Islam. If it were better understood at home that a Hindu or a Mohammedan literally takes his life in his hands if he confesses Christ, we should cease to criticise the paucity of conversions.

But while those ramparts remain impregnable, a solvent spirit has penetrated

them, and is rapidly changing their once stout-hearted defenders. The efforts of Hinduism and Mohammedanism to adopt Christian methods, and to show that Christian truths are to be found in their respective systems, are a significant confession. A young Cambridge man, in the government service of a native State, told me that while it would be better for India to become Christian, what he and his like were trying to do was to introduce Christian ideas into their old religions. Modern Hinduism has discovered the Bagavad-Gita, and has made it into a New Testament. The idea is to show that Krishna, revealing himself to Arjuna on the legendary battlefield of Kurukshetra as the invisible and infinite Brahma, renders unnecessary for Hindus the belief in Christ as the Incarnate Son of God. Indians do not distinguish between ideas and facts, between speculation and history. Hinduism is searching its sacred writings to find

ideas and sayings sufficiently like the truths of Christianity to inoculate itself against the religion which it sees is taking possession of the country.

The missionary body is present in India, working for the good of the people, presenting the Christian ideals of character and conduct, introducing the first elements of social service, municipal efficiency, philanthropic activity. This scattered body of Western Christians is widely recognised by Indians as a beneficent and progressive element in Hindu life. No Indian patriot would wish it removed. It is a light that shines, a city set on the hill, a salt which preserves. And notwithstanding the manifold discouragements, it must always hear its Lord's word: "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's pleasure to give you the kingdom." There is a widespread conviction among missionaries that the present work of modernising, or leavening, is prepara-

tory. Before long there will be a landslide. Not by individual conversion but by a great national movement India will recognise in Christ her one hope of unity and salvation, and a nation will be born in a day.

3. But here I pause to speak for a moment of the subtle charm of the Indian people, which can only be understood by close contact with them. There are some characteristics which are common to the whole peninsula, and these are so attractive and interesting that I do not wonder if some people hesitate to push the work of conversion to Christianity. Indians are always more picturesque, and in some respects distinctly better, than the nations which have hitherto accepted Christianity. It is perhaps a mark of British modesty that a large number of Christians in India prefer the Indian to their fellow Christians, and an unconverted to a converted Indian. Superficially, at least, the Hindu and Mo-

hammedan are much more interesting, more polite, more charming than the British Christian with his exact clothing, his clean linen, his stiff manners, and astonishing want of something to say. And it may be freely asserted that no Indian looks the better for adopting European dress and manners. Boots preserve the feet from snake-bites, and trousers are an admitted sign of advancing culture. The topee is a better protection from the sun, and gloves have their value in cold weather. But an Indian in boots, trousers, a topee, and gloves is a lamentable spectacle, and an Indian woman who has exchanged the sari and chuddah for a hat and coat has assuredly fallen from grace.

The Indian population, in town and country, might seem to exist in order to please the artistic eye. The bright colours which everyone loves never seem gaudy in the Indian sun. They never seem to clash with one another. A chance group of

men seated on their heels in a conclave by the wayside, or the women that happen to be at the well for water, will inevitably form a beautiful study in red, terra-cotta, yellow, blue, salmon colour, or flower sprigs on suit or sari. The brazen vessels on the heads of the women, or the huge hookahs in the hands of the men, will complete the picture. The tiny children are allowed to run about the streets even of a large city with no other dress than a necklace; and the little chocolate bodies with the shy looks and the brilliant eyes are more beautiful than the birds or the animals which swarm in every field and tree. When the children are clothed they lose nothing of their charm, so rich are the colours, so instinctive is the sense of beauty. Their eager salaams greet the passer-by at every corner.

The coolie women, with their silver bangles, their red saris girded about the body, and the burden balanced on their

heads, are so shapely, and walk with such grace, that one can hardly think of the labour as degrading which makes the workers so beautiful to look at. The men, even though they may be physically powerful, are soft and supple in their movements. They sit easily on their haunches, and eat, or do their work, on the floor. They seem crouched up like penguins, but they rise easily, tall and slim and straight. The bare feet and the restrained manner invest them with a silent dignity which is a curious contrast to the lurch, or the swagger, or the lounge of the European. Indian custom allows men to go naked but for a loincloth. Even in a railway station they perform their ablutions at the tap provided for the purpose, with unhindered views of their shapely forms and brown or tawny skins. They seem to blend with nature, just as the animals do, the ubiquitous rat-squirrels or the minahs or the wagtails. Mankind does

not seem an alien or intruder on the planet, but a necessary part of it, acquiescing in it, and not making any great effort to alter it.

Thus humanity becomes singularly agreeable to look at and move through. Dark, liquid eyes gaze at you, curious, but not impertinent; the quiet forms slide out of your way like lizards or snakes. Their motion as they gō or come is like that of leopards or antelopes.

Courtesy of manner is an ingrained habit. Men rise from the ground as you pass. They salute you by putting the right hand before the face and bowing to the waist. The words used may be a little effusive and overdone. "Is mustard wanted?" you ask the butler. "Mustard is necessary, O cherisher of the poor," he replies. But every tone and gesture in the intercourse of man with man is respectful, deprecatory, complimentary.

One beautiful Indian custom meets

you everywhere. A chaplet of sweet-smelling flowers, and perhaps a prettily made bouquet, is brought and honorifically placed on the neck and in the hand. That is typical of India. The object everywhere seems to be to make the path of life flowery, to remove the thorns, the discords, the contentions.

The Indian servant, whatever may be his faults, certainly makes the day easy and reposeful. Alert and silent, anticipating the needs, rapidly catching the desires of the sahib or memsahib, he enfolds life in velvet or satin, and it is to be feared, by his docility and fidelity, coddles his master and mistress until they are ill-fitted to face the Western world again.

Then in social intercourse the Indian is curiously attractive. The voice is soft, the manner unobtrusive; the smile comes readily; the mental ingenuity and copiousness of speech are surprising. Defer-

ence and self-obliteration are the rule. Politeness is a grace confined to no rank or caste in India. It is almost as universally present in India as it is universally absent in our own beloved island.

The charm of a people so gracious and accommodating, so self-suppressing and unobtrusive, makes one's return to the West like a plunge into ice water.

The charm of the Indian does not fail even in his religion. His gods are demons to be propitiated rather than divinities to be loved; he certainly cannot learn much in grace or beauty from the hideous, skull-encircled images of Kali or Siva, or from the monkey god or from Ganesh with the elephant head. But the Indians are vastly better than their gods. Their best religious life is Yoga, a mystical inwardness of worship. To see men, almost naked, standing in the Ganges to salute the sun, or seated on their little platforms overhanging the stream, rapt in contem-

plation, is to conceive a great love for these souls feeling after God, if haply they may find Him. And to see them in a temple, encircling the shrine, and presenting their marigolds to the lingam, or their sprinkling of rice or pice to the countless beggars that beset the temple, is again to feel the gentleness, the deference, the propitiatory meekness of the Indian character. Even Mohammedans in India retain some of the gentler qualities of their race. They are excited enough in the Moharran, when they throng the streets, lashing and cutting themselves for Hosein; they will insult their Hindu neighbours by killing the cow, or quarrel with them where the Masjid abuts on the temple, but in their ordinary life and ways they are busy and polite. On the P. and O. liner they move about, picturesque in costume, noiseless and unobtrusive, and the officers praise them, because in port they do not, like poor Jack, get drunk and

violent, but in the name of the Prophet abstain from strong drink.

Thus the charm of the people is ubiquitous and varied. If you are fortunate enough to hear a recitation of the Ramâyana, with the chorus of voices and the tom-tom, and to have it supplemented by a performance on quaint viols, and citherns, and sounding cups, you will leave India haunted by the sense of the long past, which still lives and throbs in the life of to-day. The Arabian Nights repeat themselves in this great jewel of the British Crown—India. The crumbled empires of Moghuls and Marathis, the ancient arts and handicrafts, the vast shadowy background of Sanskrit literature, the Aryan conquering the Dravidian, Buddhism, Jainism, rising and vanishing, but leaving their rich memorials, Asoka the Buddhist saint-emperor, Akbar, the Moslem liberal sultan, a rich poetry from the past, a varicoloured phantasmagoria of the present,

blend into a dream of a possible future. You cannot think that the past can be lost, or that the tale is told. This race, brooding over its shastras, muttering its mantras, droning its Koran, or calling the men to pray five times in the day, with the deep silent glowing passion hidden in its heart under the appearance of an eternal quietism, must be destined to play a further part in the world, to make some contribution to the world's evolving life. God did not make such charm to let it die.

But this leads me to dwell for a moment on the other side of the picture, and to present

4. *The gangrene of Indian Life.*

The ever-pressing difficulty is to find men who are above suspicion of corruption. As I have hinted, the police are ineffective because they can be bribed; the fine medical service is neutralised because dispensers and other subordinates blackmail the patients; some hungry

official is always on the doorstep, to make entrance impossible until his hand is lined. A woman at a railway station, seeing a white face, will ask the stranger to take her ticket for her, because the baboo at the booking office will overcharge her and pocket the difference. The moral nature in India seems to rest, if it may be said to rest, on a foundation of quicksilver. The distinction between truth and falsehood is not drawn, when all experience is conceived as Maya, or delusion. Right is not more right than wrong, nor wrong more wrong than right. The individual will is paralysed by the idea of Karma. Is a man a liar, a cheat? That is his Karma; he is suffering for sins in a previous existence. Does a boy fail in an examination? That is his Karma; he does not blame himself, unless himself includes that shadowy and unreal person who lived through a previous incarnation. Even the instinct of pity is destroyed.

Sufferers are suffering the deserved fate of previous ill-doing. No one thinks of interfering with the inevitable result. It would be useless; besides, it would be impious.

Truth, the sense of right and wrong, pity for suffering, the true and sure foundations of social life, and of a progressive state, are pulverised, and in their place there is the ever-sliding sea of unreality, illusion, and irresponsibility. Fear of exposure or of punishment is the only motive to do service for the great principles which build up character and make a state. An instance must suffice. In a high school a boy was found cribbing in the examination. The master felt it necessary to make an example by expelling him. His father came to intercede for him; his argument was: "Surely you will not punish my boy for such a trifle, when last term you condoned a serious offence, by forgiving a boy who had scored the master's name upon the wall!"

The standard of right and wrong varies in different countries. You must make allowance for this, we are told. The Hindu regards an outburst of temper, but not the telling of a lie, as a sin. I will not dispute this doctrine of latitudinarian morality. I only say that a population is practically hopeless, when lying and thieving are not considered wrong, when a cow is more holy than a woman, when to eat with a person of another caste seems more polluting than lasciviousness; when to save the life of an ant is a work of religious merit, and to kill a snake or a monkey seems the blackest of sins. Under such circumstances no basis has been found for the building up of a stable national life. I will not venture to say that India is immoral or unmoral. I will not even say that its morality is bad. But I cannot avoid the conclusion that, speaking as pragmatists, we must say that it does not work, it does not produce a society in

which honour, truth, justice, mercy, emerge as the cardinal supports.

If the Western Government and its moral principles were withdrawn, the fabric which has been built up in India since 1757 would immediately subside. Not only would the several Presidencies and States fall apart, but each district would sink into disorder. The justice of the law courts would disappear, the administration of railways and posts would be out of gear, the insanitary conditions of life would return. In all probability suttee would be renewed, and the Thugs would flourish again. For the point that has to be grasped is that there is nothing in the principles of Indian thought, morality, or religion to resist these disintegrating abuses.

The philosophy that lies at the back of all Indian life and practice is responsible for the practical results which are everywhere apparent. That philosophy

colours even the most religious products of the Indian spirit, such as the Bhagavad-Gita. Brahma is all existence, good and bad alike. He is as much the monster with bloody jaws devouring his human creatures, as the life-principle that brought them into existence. He produces himself both good and evil. He is himself good and evil. Accordingly, he, the supreme god, has been deposed from his place in popular worship, on the ground of adultery.

That fundamental and essentially non-moral Pantheism must give place to a belief in a Holy God, who cannot endure iniquity; the distinction between right and wrong must become the presupposition of all life and thought; the sense of individual responsibility must be created and established, if the gangrene of Indian life is to be cured. Islam has tried to regenerate India; it has gained 60,000,000 of devoted adherents. But the deified

Fate that it presents to men, a God above morality, with a disposition to pardon in men all moral evil, if only they will assert His unity and the authority of His Prophet, is not a means of national regeneration. Mohammedan saints do not preserve a Mohammedan society from decay.

There is apparently only one power that can heal the gangrene, and regenerate this great and fascinating country; it is Christianity. Those Europeans who are striving to save India from Christianity stand over against those who are striving to save it by Christianity. For the moment they are persuading Hindus that in their ancient literature and in their worship of Siva and Kali they have all the elements of moral regeneration. India is highly flattered. But that is not the probable path of progress. The true lovers of India will try to show how the moral weakness which is the hindrance to national salvation is the logical result of the moral and religious

ideas which are at the back of Indian life; and they will bend all their efforts to present those moral and religious ideas, or, let us say frankly, that Divine-human person, Jesus Christ, who has shown His power to make the strong character, the social life, the progressive idealism which are the best hope of the human race.

This brings me to speak of the last point.

5. *The hopefulness of the task which lies before us in India.*

No one, I should imagine, could visit the scenes of the Mutiny at Lucknow and Delhi, or see the graveyards in which the heroes of 1857—most of them unnamed—are buried, without a strong conviction that the Government of India was put into our hands by a Providence that is overruling and shaping the affairs of men. The character and spirit of all the great Indian administrators have invested our task with a solemnity and given to us a

sense of responsibility which we are neither able nor wishful to repudiate.

Some blindly, some with open vision, all with occasional flashes of insight, are set on carrying out our task. The impatient cry "Perish India!" which was heard on the lips of the tribune of the English people, is heard no more. Little as the electorate of the United Kingdom considers the needs of the great dependency, there is no perceptible party that would propose to shirk the duty.

My short visit has impressed me anew with the value of the task to which we are called. We must govern India, educate, protect, and foster its population, until the time, however distant, may come, when India will be able better to govern herself.

I close by pointing out the hopefulness of our task.

Evidently, the main hope lies in communicating to India the religion which

has been our national and personal salvation. As this, from the nature of the case, cannot be the work of government, it must be done, increasingly and more effectively done, by the sacrifice, the spontaneous offering of the Church. "Freely we have received; freely must we give."

The time for relaxing missionary effort is remote; the duty of the moment is to throw more energy, more wisdom, more faith and prayer into it. Unity of plan and purpose must be aimed at. We cannot afford to divide our forces, or to waste strength and time in mutual antagonism. For the good of India the Church must act as one. Concerted action must enable us to map out the ground, to seize favourable opportunities, to multiply the methods of attack, and to specialise for different classes, conditions, or situations.

The Government is, as I have ventured to contend, doing its duty. Is the Church doing hers? Is she sending to India, in

men and resources, what is needed for the fulfilment of her task? Let us turn a deaf ear to those on the one hand who think that religions do not matter, and to those on the other who think that the task is impossible. The actual achievement proves that the Church, if she gave her soul to save India, could accomplish it. The difficulties arise only from our divisions, our remissness, our want of faith. The achievement is seen, not so much in the rapidly growing Christian community, as in the large number of Indians, who, through Western education and missionary effort, have broken with caste and with idolatry, and have definitely accepted Christian ideals of conduct and of government. Many of these are Christian in everything but the name. They act everywhere as a leaven; they set an ideal before students and the large body of Indians now engaged in the public service, like that judge I met, a pillar of Hindu orthodoxy, who said

that orthodoxy consisted in the teaching of the sacred books, that there is One God, and that we must love one another. The weakness was that he did not consider God personal, and that he thought himself to be part of God. But his answer shows the result of Christian missions. The three million gods of India are fading away like the gods of Greece and Rome. Pan is again dying. And the new formula of Hinduism is patently borrowed from Christianity: The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It would be an immense help to these numerous seekers after God, if English Christians, whether in the Government service or not, could break the spell of silence and dare to confess their Lord and Saviour. Why have they come to think that such a confession would be offensive to India?

But leaving aside the voluntary work of the Church, we may as a nation face our task of government and administration

in India hopefully. If only we would recognise more distinctly what we are doing, and dare to think out the natural results of our policy, we should gain strength, consistency, and encouragement. Our purpose is to administer India for the benefit of Indians. By education, by opening government posts to Indians, by example, we are doing our best to train India to govern herself. We aim at a population morally disciplined, capable of acting together, expert in the arts of government. We measure our success by the growing numbers of capable persons; we shall have achieved our object when a united India can supply its own administration of governing people.

But because that is our avowed and palpable purpose it by no means follows that the day will come when India will be able or will even wish to dispense with the British Administration. Britain has a contribution to make to India which may

be of permanent value. The governing instinct, the power of handling large matters in a practical and business-like way, the habit of restraining dreams and keeping them within the bounds of possibility, the gift of compromise, the phlegmatic doggedness in doing the right thing without demanding recognition; these are qualities which have come to our race as the outcome of our social and political evolution. They are qualities which Indian history and experience have not produced. Even if the fundamental change in thought and ethics which I have supposed should be effected in the course of a few generations, there might still be need of such a thousand years as that between Alfred the Great and George V. before India would acquire the aptitude for this particular side of human life.

If we do our task properly, if we see what we are doing, if we keep an honest intention of good for India, there is reason

to expect that India herself, with growing enlightenment and intelligence, will welcome and demand this service which Britain is rendering. No wise country wishes to get rid of experts in science. Why should a country wish to get rid of experts in the organisation and administration of a national life?

When India and Britain alike apprehend the nature of the contribution which Britain can make to the life of India, they may both also become aware of the contribution which India can make to the life of Britain. We need India as much as she needs us. On the side of speculative thought, on the side of art, on the side of manners, courtesy, and the mode of human intercourse, India is as rich as we are poverty-stricken. No one can be in India for a few months without being conscious of her spiritual treasure. The poetry of the Bengali poet, Rabindra Nath Tagore, represents a vein of wealth which we in Britain require.

The two types may supplement one another. The day may come when India will not desire the withdrawal of Britain, and when Britain will desire a unity, an amalgamation, not for her material but for her spiritual good.

The task is worth attempting which may lead to so rich a result.

The whole situation may be summed up in an impression left on my mind in leaving Bombay. On the Sunday morning, when the clean and orderly P. and O. liner seemed to wear a Sunday peace, we assembled in the saloon; the captain read the service; a steward played the harmonium; and we sang "Jesu, the very thought of Thee," and "The King of love my Shepherd is." To a mind full of the memories of Kalighat, the Temple of Durga at Benares, and the Towers of Silence at Bombay, that Sabbath peace, and those hymns of exquisite purity and tenderness, were as balm. Christianity on

all its noble and uplifting sides came as a deliverance from the superstition and pollution and moral crassness of heathenism.

But on the other hand, these English people, so clean and orderly and palpably pious, how lamentably bored and pipe-clayed, and mutually repellent they appeared! How rigidly they stood aloof from one another! How stiff they were! How carefully was their humanity concealed! Whenever the lascars swarmed on the deck for an inspection, or to reef an awning, with their red sashes over their blue soutanes, and their red turbans over their lustrous eyes, they seemed to bring with them a breath of nature, of humanity, and of brotherhood. The spick and span, well-groomed Englishman, and the women with all the finery and jewels that wealth could buy, were not arrayed like one of these. No, for charm and beauty the dark-skinned Easterns surpassed the white skins

of the West. The two supplement one another, need one another—cannot be complete without one another.

The task we have before us, an Imperial task indeed, is the spiritual fusion of the East and the West. Under the spell of the one Name, and by the power of the one Spirit, the two will be as one; Britain will no more vex India, and India will no more envy Britain.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION

An article in the Boston *Congregationalist*, April 17, 1913.

I WAS sitting by the little table, drawn up before the glowing fire, watching the solemn butler as he took away the shining tea things. As I lifted from the tray a bowl of violets, gathered that winter morning from our garden, a brougham rolled up to the door and a friend came quickly in, saying, " Put on a heavy wrap and come over to the Mission Chapel with me to hear Dr. Horton, who is one of your greatest Congregational leaders ; he speaks there to-night."

STREET SCENES IN AN ORIENTAL CITY

I threw a long cloak about me and we were soon speeding away—out into the avenues of the station—past the Maidan (the common park and playground) and homelike bungalows. Hundreds of tents were lighted, the temporary quarters of Government officials, who have come to Bankipore since it was made the capital of Behar. Then we drove more carefully through the long, narrow streets of the bazar, picturesque and fascinating. A mother was buying sweetmeats for

the child clinging to her robe and intently watching the scales; the busy traffic of bullock-cart and motor-car was over and labourers gathered around their evening meal. Here a student crouched over his book, reading by the light of a flickering candle; there was a scribe, muffled in a coarse, white wrap, writing letters or copying a document. The great Mohammedan festival, the Moharram, was in progress, and for several days the tragic deaths of the two grandsons of Mohammed were being celebrated.

Never before had the Baptist Mission Chapel been so crowded as that evening—the Hindu turban and Mohammedan fez side by side, and beneath both the dark skin and deep lustrous eyes. The chairman was Hon. H. Le Messerier, the chief secretary of the Government of Behar and Orissa.

A Parliament of Religions in Miniature

Amid hearty applause, Dr. Horton stepped into the low pulpit. I could well appreciate the thrill he must have felt as he looked over that audience. Directly before him were two long rows of seats, packed with Indian students; Hindus, dreamy and contemplative, who, proudly conscious of their race, from which their English rulers had descended, were waiting to hear what this Christian had to say about Krishna. Close by, the piercing eye of the Mussulman met his glance—alike keen and quick to detect the least slur on the name of the Great Prophet.

On his right were seated fine representatives of

the influential men of India, together with English professors of Patna College, some of whom were Oxford men, while on his left were Baptist missionaries, Church of England men and women, equally sensitive and anxious, lest in a spirit of conciliation some slight depreciation of Christ might be made, in order to meet the Oriental half-way.

After a moment's silence, as if to feel the angel's touch upon his shoulder, Dr. Horton opened his address upon Krishna, Mohammed and Christ. He spoke in English and was perfectly understood by his audience. With persuasive sweetness he begged his hearers to remember a man's natural preferment for his own faith on account of his early training, and the added conviction of manhood, and also to bear in mind that one cannot be, of necessity, so well-informed about another man's faith as his own. " Bear with me, then," he said, " bear with me if in what I say I hurt the feelings of any one of you, and attribute it to my ignorance."

The Range of His Scholarship

Dr. Horton showed perfect familiarity with the Scriptures of the Orient, giving frequent and off-hand quotations as he compared the sacred books in question. He expressed his great admiration for the Bhagavad-Gita, saying : " It is one of the most beautiful and spiritual books I ever read. I wish every Christian would read it ! " Again, he remarked that four out of every

five should read the Upanishads, for they are full of the yearning of the soul for union with God. And here the Koran does not come quite so close to the Bible, as it lacks somewhat the spiritual element, so conspicuous in Hinduism and Christianity. The Hindu and Christian, again, have one belief in common, namely, the Incarnation. As we believe that Jesus Christ was God incarnate, the Hindu accepts Krishna as God, as he expressly declares himself to be in the Bhagavad-Gita.

On the other hand, while Krishna is a mythical personage, Jesus Christ and Mohammed were historical characters, whose followers believed in them as they taught and handed down their sayings. Far from pressing the differences or analogy too closely or too long, he chose the safer and more delicate path of suggestion.

Where Christianity Differs

Then he offered the three leading features of the Christian religion:

1. *The sacrifice of Jesus Christ as an offering for the sins of the world.*

No attempt was made to explain this sublime statement, this Divine mystery, apart from the simple words of Jesus Christ and His disciples.

2. *The ethics of Christianity.*

No one can read the life of Jesus Christ without having the impression that that life was the fullest expression of love, as He healed the sick and the lame and forgave sins. Here is Divine

love, the very essence of Christianity. Christianity, then, is based upon love. "Now, may I ask this," Dr. Horton said, "which of these three, Krishna, with the record of his youthful escapades, or Mohammed or Jesus Christ would you wish all men to resemble?"

3. *The mystical element.*

In Hinduism, only the sannyasin or yogi, by a lifetime of self-effacement, may hope to attain to conscious union with God. It is the goal of only such as withdraw from the world and live in utmost seclusion. But the lowliest Christian, however busily engaged in earning his daily bread, may have an abiding sense of God's presence and the sweet joy of co-working with Him.

In conclusion Dr. Horton said: "You will notice that I have not dwelt upon the fundamental belief that Jesus Christ is God Himself—God manifest in the flesh—knowing how hard it is for some of you to accept it. Why do I believe it? Because the life of Jesus Christ was not the life of any mere man. No man was ever offered for the sins of the world, no man rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven—this surpasses the merely human. Do you ask me why I love Jesus Christ? Because He has done so much for me. I do not remember when I did not love Him. *I have loved Him ever since I was a baby!*"

I cannot describe the passionate sweetness with which he uttered these words, while a delicate flush rose in his face, and as he added:

"I wish some of you would say with me this night:

"'If Jesus Christ is man,
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave alway.

"'If Jesus Christ is God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through earth and heaven,
The sea, the sky and the air.'"

THE APPRECIATION OF NON-CHRISTIAN AUDITORS

Thanking the audience for the patient hearing, Dr. Horton stepped down from the platform, amidst tremendous applause. Immediately a noble-looking Hindu lawyer, one of the leading Theosophists of Behar, rose and said: "When I was in England I read in the newspapers a report of an address delivered by Dr. Horton, and I was so pleased with it that I had copies of it made, and distributed these leaflets among my friends on my return to India. Little did I think then that I should have the pleasure of hearing him in my own home, and I welcome him to-night and thank him for coming to us. While some of us believe that Allah is the one and only God and others believe in Monism, all must agree that he comes to us in a spirit of love and that for this reason Christianity must be a religion of love. I therefore move that a vote of thanks be extended to Dr. Horton for his address."

This motion was seconded by the principal of

the Behar National College, a Brahmo-Samaj, in European dress, who added that it was apparent to all thoughtful men that in every religion there were great truths, and he recognised himself these same abiding truths in the Christian religion, as it had been presented.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. M. Moore, rector of Christ Church, Bankipore, and quietly the audience went their way.

It is needless to say that the little company of Christians were deeply stirred, not only by the tenderness of the appeal, but by the direct and fearless way in which Dr. Horton presented the truths of the Christian religion. In too many of the Congregational pulpits in America at the present time, I fear, the obvious attempt is being made to emphasize the human side and to deny the Godhead in preaching Christ Jesus and to put aside the cross upon which He was crucified for our sins by saying that all men are saviours of themselves and so render the great sacrifice unnecessary. To me the cross of Christ is the heart of Christianity, and for that reason I feared lest the speaker, holding these so-called "broad views," would in a spirit of concession place our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ at the head of the line of Great Prophets. But my fears were groundless. Like a true, sturdy son of England, Dr. Horton was loyal to his colours. No one would have detected more quickly such a concession, although inspired by the best of motives, than the keen-witted Hindu, who would

have felt superior in his own firm allegiance to his convictions and would have attributed any compromise to cowardice. A leading missionary said of Dr. Horton, "He was so *straight* right through!" That is why he went to the hearts of his hearers, for religion is the business of India.

Out into the darkness again, homeward we sped. We hear the distant wailings of the Mohammedan fanatics as they move in a circle, beating their breasts, and crying: "Ya Husan! Ya Husan!" The shops are closed, a Brahman, wrapped in his yellow robe, sways back and forth as he sits and chants his evening hymns.

Past the English church we fly and the Club-house, where bridge and dancing are going on, past the tents of the servants preparing dinner. Here is the large tree encircled by a group of sweet-faced women who are beseeching their Hindu gods to avert the plague which has broken out again, and a little farther along a girl-wife kneels at a shrine where women pray for a son.

We sweep around the home drive-way and pass the great bamboo trees and towering palms and the rose garden. "Good night." We part, and once more I watch the glowing coals with happier heart because I have heard God calling to His people to-night, as of old, beneath an Eastern sky, and I thank Him that to this ancient city with its marvellous past, and present enlightenment, He has sent His message by one so wise and so strong.

Bankipore.

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